T H E M I D N I G H T M A N

by
PATRICK MELTON & MARCUS DUNSTAN

10-31-07

FADE INTO:

1 **EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - NIGHT** **1**

PUSH THROUGH the outside gates, entering an upper-middle class gated community, passing a YOUNG SECURITY GUARD sitting in the GUARD STAND.

The front lawns are perfectly groomed. Decorative lamps light the streets. The homes are spacious. All similarly designed.

Then, the SOUND of ADULTS GIGGLING creeps in. Sexily. Perhaps a little tipsy.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Ahhhhh...damn it. The power's out.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
The rest of the block is on...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Nah, it's the workers. They just blew another fucking fuse.

An exasperated laugh from the female.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
At least candles are romantic.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
You know, if they had to work past sunset this would never happen.
(beat)
Can you check the box?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Babe, I'm in heels.

ONE HOUSE stands out. It's in a cul-de-sac, and it's being refurbished: materials, work boxes, and port-o-potty on the lawn. The lights are all out.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Yeah, well, I'm in-toxicated.

The Female Voice lets out a playful GIGGLE. And--

2 **INT. SUBURBAN HOME - FRONT FOYER - NIGHT** **2**

CLOSE ON: A SPIDER gazes from the corner of its CEILING WEB.

A sexy woman in an evening dress slinks up some STAIRS looking back with a mischievous smile. This is **GENA WHARTON** (30s).

MRS. WHARTON
How about *you* check the fuse box...and *I* warm up the bed?

Reveal the handsome man she's talking with, her husband, **LARRY WHARTON** (30s).

MR. WHARTON
Deal.

Mrs. Wharton giggles again as she disappears into the darkness of the second floor.

Mr. Wharton watches with a glowing smile. He turns, flipping one of the light switches. Of course, nothing happens.

However, Mr. Wharton's eyes rise to the light socket. It's EMPTY. No light bulb. Mr. Wharton furrows his brow when--

MRS. WHARTON
Larry!!!

Mr. Wharton turns, dashing up the stairs to the SECOND FLOOR--

3 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 3

Mr. Wharton comes down the long hallway. Mrs. Wharton stands just outside the MASTER BEDROOM.

MR. WHARTON
What?! What is it?!

MRS. WHARTON
(pointing)
That.

Mr. Wharton moves past her and into the room--

4 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 4

A bit of light shoots into the PITCH DARK ROOM from the hallway revealing a LARGE RED TRUNK with SILVER TRIM lying on the floor.

MRS. WHARTON
What is that doing in our bedroom?

Mr. Wharton eases into the room with Mrs. Wharton hovering in the doorway. He stares at the brand new trunk.

MR. WHARTON
Maybe the crew left it in here.

MRS. WHARTON
Why would they put it on our bedroom?

MR. WHARTON
How am I supposed to know?

Mr. Wharton cautiously looks over the trunk.

MR. WHARTON (CONT'D)
Oh great.

CLOSE ON: A string of ANTS crawl in and out.

MR. WHARTON (CONT'D)
That's great. That's perfect.

Mr. Wharton cringes, stomping the ants. And then something catches his eye. Mr. Wharton plucks off the CARD.

MRS. WHARTON
What is that?

CLOSE ON: Typed on the note is, "FOR THE COLLECTION"

MR. WHARTON
A card. "For the collection."

Mr. Wharton reaches for the latch when--

MRS. WHARTON
No, Larry.

MR. WHARTON
What?

MRS. WHARTON
You don't know what's in there, I'm calling the police.

MR. WHARTON
Relax, someone's just being an asshole.

Mr. Wharton nods, but Mrs. Wharton isn't so sure. She intently watches as her husband leans down and FLIPS OPEN THE LID--

MR. WHARTON (CONT'D)
Jesus...

Mr. Wharton strains when he sees what's within the trunk.

Mrs. Wharton eases forward, looking over her husband's shoulder and seeing into the trunk. She gasps.

MR. WHARTON (CONT'D)
Call the police...now!

Right as Mrs. Wharton turns--

WHAM! The door into the room SLAMS SHUT and they are cast in TOTAL DARKNESS. Mrs. Wharton SCREAMS--

FADE TO BLACK:

INSERT TITLE: THE MIDNIGHT MAN

The TITLE begins to slowly fade as--

OVER DARKNESS:

A SINISTER ROCK SONG creeps in as if muffled under a pillow. And then--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Where the hell have you been? Their music has been blaring for half an hour. The same song, over and over again. It's driving me nuts.

ANOTHER MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Alright, sir. I'll check it out.

FADE INTO:

5 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT 5

A **YOUNG SECURITY GUARD**, the one from the guard stand, nods to the pajama-clad **NEIGHBOR** standing on the curb.

The Young Security Guard turns, moving to a two-story house with no lights on and every curtain pulled.

6 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER 6

The Young Security Guard uses a hand FLASHLIGHT to scan the exterior of the home. The music pounds from behind the front door.

But nothing's out of place. He raises a hand to knock on the front door--

But the force of his hand hitting the wood PUSHES OPEN the door. The LIGHT from the street lamps shoot into the PITCH DARK home. The sinister rock song bellows.

YOUNG SECURITY GUARD
Hello? Mr. Wharton? Security responding to a noise complaint. Hello?
(beat)
I'm coming in, folks. Hello?

Several FLIES buzz. The Young Security Guard's flashlight penetrates the DARKNESS. Something REFLECTS the light.

YOUNG SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Hello? Anybody home--

It's BLOOD splattered on a wall. The Young Security Guard fumbles for his SHOULDER RADIO.

YOUNG SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
(into shoulder radio)
This is Unit 2. Immediate police assistance requested to 2423 Park Place.

DISPATCHER
(through radio)
Copy that, Unit 2. Police assistance is on the way.

7 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER 7

The Young Security Guard eases into the home. He holds a FLASHLIGHT and HANDGUN.

YOUNG SECURITY GUARD
Is there anyone in the premises--

An AWFUL SMELL punches him in the face. He lurches back. His flashlight beam turns towards the smell, hitting a wall covered by a CHAIN and STEEL CONTRAPTION.

8 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 8

CLOSE ON: The power button on the stereo is pressed, cutting off the loud music.

The Young Security Guard looks to the steel contraption. He inches forward, seeing a ARM STUCK in what seems to be a TRAPPING DEVICE.

The BLOOD has CONGEALED. FLIES BUZZ.

YOUNG SECURITY GUARD
Oh god...

He GAGS, covering his mouth.

CLOSE ON: The Young Security Guard's foot steps down on something--CRUNCH!

The Young Security Guard's eyes drop to the floor. He leans down, looking under his shoe.

It's a WHOLE FINGER NAIL. Ripped clean off.

The Young Security Guard leans closer in, seeing CLAW PRINTS across the floor as if someone was DRAGGED by the legs.

He follows the claw prints with his flashlight across the floor to a CLOSED DOOR. It's blood-stained. Flies galore.

The Young Security Guard moves to the closed door when--

FAINT MOANING IS HEARD.

The Young Security Guard's head whips around. His eyes rise. It's coming from UPSTAIRS.

CLOSE ON: The SPIDER WEB is FULL OF FLIES. The SPIDER feeds.

9 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 9

It's a long, dark hallway with closed doors on each side. The MOAN comes from the LAST DOOR.

The flashlight leads the way. The MOANING RISES in volume with each step.

The MOANING becomes a HYPER SERIES OF BREATHS. The Young Security Guard moves forward. Gun raised.

His QUIVERING HAND reaches forward to push open the door when-- a ***SCREAM!***

The Young Security Guard LUNGES FOR THE DOOR--

10 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 10

IN SLOW MOTION: Young Security Guard kicks open the DOOR.

Sees GENA WHARTON in the bathtub. She's STILL ALIVE. Her right hand is NAILED TO THE WALL. A TAPE RECORDER is GLUED TO HER LEFT HAND. Her MOUTH SEWN SHUT.

The tub's not filled with water. It's GASOLINE.

A FLARE is attached to the top of the door. It SNAPS from opening the door, IGNITING THE FLARE.

Young Security Guard's eyes rise to the FLARE.

Gena's lips RIP through the stitches.

MRS. WHARTON
NOOOOO!!!

The FLARE tilts and FALLS FREE of its mount, HEADING straight for the TUB OF GASOLINE. It's a TRAP.

Young Security Guard tries to jump back. But it's too late. The flare HITS THE GASOLINE AND--

11 **INT. SUBURBAN HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (REGULAR SPEED)** **11**

The EXPLOSION overtakes the hallway.

Young Security Guard is thrust back, sailing down the hallway and OUT A LARGE BAY WINDOW--SMASH!

12 **EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER** **12**

With the home explosion, the neighborhood starts to wake up. One by one, the lights flick on.

Doors open, and NEIGHBORS wearing only their pajamas filter out, moving to the home.

A YOUNG GIRL moves through the people. She's the first on the scene. Something catches her eyes. She freezes.

A SHALLOW BREATHING SOUND takes us to--

The Young Security Guard writhing on the front lawn of the home. His clothing charred. His skin sizzling.

He's barely breathing.

A pajama-clad MOTHER moves to the young girl, covering her eyes with a hand. The young girl is pulled away as--

The Young Security Guard sputters and DIES.

The people surrounding the body gasp as the SIRENS rise in the distance. People move back, a FATHER putting his robe over the dead body.

PULL BACK through the security gates, the same we we entered, now exiting the upper-middle class gated community.

FADE TO BLACK:

13 **OVER CREDITS**: A STRING OF IMAGES FADE IN AND OUT. **13**

-Purple and red hues dominate a perfectly maintained and meticulously arranged LAIR. It's clean. Sterile even.

-INSECTS such as hornets, spiders and dragonflies are incased in glass.

-Small, simple traps are seen: RAT SNAP TRAP, ROACH MOTEL, FLY PAPER.

-SMALL ANIMALS such as squirrels, rabbits, and birds are encased in glass.

-Small, but more elaborate traps are seen: GLUE TRAP, REVENGE SPEAR MOLE TRAP, BODY SCISSOR TRAP.

-LARGER ANIMALS such as dogs, sheep, and boars are encased in glass.

-Large, elaborate traps are seen: BOX TRAP WITH SKEWERS, BARED WIRE NOOSE TRAP, SPRUNG SPEAR TRAP.

-**THE MAN** is at work. Only see his gloved hands are revealed. They're not gruff. Instead, they're clean and precise, and they're currently attaching hundreds of fish hooks to a drape of sorts, creating a DRAPE OF FISH HOOKS.

-Several pre-made traps and tools lie on a table: wood planks with nail-embedded ends, machete-attached spring traps, phones with razors in the earpieces.

-These devices are next to BLUEPRINTS. The blueprints are detailed with LETHAL TRAPS covering the interior of a HOME.

-A VERY LARGE glass encasing is now seen. Inside, a large SHAPE stands suspended in time. It's a HUMAN. There are SEVERAL OTHER HUMANS also encased in glass. Some appear dead. While others seem to squirm.

-The last glass encasing is EMPTY. And on the floor before it is the LARGE RED TRUNK.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE INTO:

14 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - DAY **14**

It's late fall. Only a few leaves remain on the trees. The grass has begun to yellow. Maintenance is being done on the house. Some painting. A crew of YARD MEN are cutting back dense trees. A rear deck is being constructed.

There are DECORATIVE IRON BARS on some of the first floor windows.

A RANGE ROVER and BMW sit in the gravel driveway outside a garage. A CABLE TRUCK, CITY UTILITY TRUCK, several PICK-UP TRUCKS, and an EXTERMINATOR TRUCK are off to the side.

The exterminator truck is LARGE. It has a REINFORCED FRONT END and a CARTOONISH BUG drawn on the side.

CLOSE ON: A cartoonish sign on the exterminator truck reads, "MASTER TRAP EXTERMINATION: TAKING CARE OF PESTS ONE HOUSE AT A TIME."

CAMERA moves past the working men and into the basement--

15 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS **15**

A black light flickers on, highlighting some recently put up rock posters from the '70s. A tape plays on an age-old cassette player. The music is the same '70s era.

A little private den is coming together. The man putting it together is **MICHAEL CASE** (40s). A sturdily built, earnest family man.

Michael fishes another tape from a moving box.

CLOSE ON: There's a heart on the tape and writing that reads, "MAKEOUT MIX 6/18/75."

Michael smirks, hollering to someone off screen.

MICHAEL
Hey, babe! Babe! You're never gonna believe what I found!

Michael makes a move to the nearby stairs to the floor above.

16 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER **16**

Various workmen move in and out of the home. Michael holds the tape, still wearing his smile.

MICHAEL
Hey, babe--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I can't pack alone, Michael! Please get up here!

Michael hesitates, not replying. He looks to the tape and tilts his head as if defeated.

Michael turns and moves away from the stairs through the living room. Dark wood, plush carpets and EXPENSIVE ART decorate the room.

A CABLE MAN connects the cable at the back of the TV. The TV suddenly flickers on.

ON TV: Video images of Michael and his family are seen. Michael, his WIFE and his TWO DAUGHTERS play outdoors.

17 INT. COUNTRY HOME - STUDY - CONTINUOUS **17**

Michael sets down the tape on his wooden desk.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Honey! Are you coming?!

Michael turns, but we hold on a framed photograph.

CLOSE ON: It's of Michael holding a RIFLE and standing over a TEN POINT BUCK.

The entire wall is covered with various HUNTING and FISHING PHOTOS of him. There is only ONE PHOTO of him with his wife and two daughters.

18 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 18

Michael takes a few steps towards the stairs when he stops and turns, looking to someone working on the windows.

MICHAEL
Everything coming alright?

ARKIN (late 20s) turns. He's a slender man with dusty clothes and buzzed hair. Blue collar to the core.

Arkin is lining up the window with the frame, easing it open and closed.

ARKIN
Yup, just 'bout good as new.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Honey! Really, come on!

MICHAEL
Coming, sweetie!

Michael rolls his eyes and slaps Arkin on the shoulder, moving to the front foyer, but he turns back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Oh, Arkin, after you look at the bathroom door, could you get the last window bars up today?

ARKIN
No problem, sir.

MICHAEL
I know we're in the middle of nowhere, but Vicky still insists on Detroit-decor.

Michael turns and moves up the stairs as the Cable Man heads out the front door, passing an EXTERMINATOR, who wears a protective mask and kneels, SPRAYING FOR BUGS.

19 **INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER** **19**

Arkin creeps up the stairs, trying not to intrude on the heated conversation.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
If she doesn't want to go this year, then she doesn't want to go.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
You're just saying that because *you* don't want to go.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
No, she's eighteen. She's going off to college in a month, so perhaps spending two of those weeks at a lake house with her grandparents isn't so appealing.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
The point is that she spends time with her *family*, not her stoner boyfriend.

Michael bursts out of the master bedroom and breezes past Arkin on his way downstairs.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)
Mike, are you going to talk to her or not?

MICHAEL
Naw, you got the touch.

Arkin's eyes rise to **VICTORIA CHASE** (40s). She's perfectly groomed and ready for the day but still in a silk house robe.

Victoria makes eye contact with Arkin, not even moving to close her robe. Arkin instinctually drops his eyes.

Victoria sighs and turns, re-entering the master bedroom.

20 **INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER** **20**

Arkin kneels by the door. It certainly does stick. He pulls out a WOOD FILER from his medium-sized handy bag. Starts filing down the part that's sticking.

Out of the corner of his eye, Arkin sees through the cracked door leading into the MASTER BEDROOM.

Victoria leans into a MIRROR. Her robe is open. And Arkin can see her in bra and panties. She's quite attractive.

21 **INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** **21**

Victoria's fingertip traces a FINE WRINKLE along her forehead.

VICTORIA
And what shall I call you?

22 **INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS** **22**

Arkin keeps on filing, but he moves a little. Getting a better look at Victoria.

23 **INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** **23**

Victoria holds a HYPODERMIC PEN of BOTOX. She moves it towards the wrinkle.

VICTORIA
How about Jill?

Victoria lines up the wrinkle and STABS.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Jill.

24 **INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS** **24**

Arkin intently stares.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
I'm a mermaid!

Arkin jumps, turning to the voice. It's the youngest daughter, **HANNAH** (6). She stands outside her bedroom door.

ARKIN
Okay.

HANNAH
I'm having a tea party, Mr. Arkin.

ARKIN
Oh...well...

HANNAH
Would you care to join us?

Hannah's big eyes make it impossible to say no.

25 **INT. COUNTRY HOME - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER** **25**

Arkin sits with Hannah and SEVERAL STUFFED ANIMALS and DOLLS. They're having a tea party.

Hannah "pours" tea for them all. She sits back, acting as if she's drinking tea. Arkin follows suit.

ARKIN
It's, uh, very good.

HANNAH
He made the tea.

Hannah motions to a STUFFED BEAR. Arkin nods to the bear, as if talking with it.

ARKIN
Oh, well, it's very good, sir.

The "drinking routine" goes on for several more beats.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Your room's very nice, Hannah.

HANNAH
This isn't my room.

ARKIN
No?

HANNAH
I'm a mermaid.

ARKIN
Okay...

HANNAH
Mermaids sleep in caves, not rooms.

Arkin nods. Sees that the walls are painted like an UNDERWATER WONDERLAND. Fish. Plant life. A CAVE.

ARKIN
Hannah, I was wondering something.

Hannah looks to Arkin with tilted head.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Um, if you were to really want a present, what would it be?

HANNAH
Daddy already got me everything I wanted.

ARKIN
Right, but just saying, *if* you wanted something.

HANNAH
A present?

ARKIN
Yeah, something that was considered...
really cool for a girl your age.

Hannah thinks a second, pointing to the STUFFED BEAR again.

HANNAH
A Puffkin Bear.

ARKIN
Right...and, uh, where would I get a
Puffkin Bear?

HANNAH
(a sarcastic stare)
Toy store.

ARKIN
Right, of course.

Arkin takes a sip of tea, but his eyes drift to Hannah, who raises the teacup to her lips--

But there's a SPIDER ON HER TEACUP.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Hey!

Arkin's hand darts out, startling Hannah, but knocking the spider off the teacup.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Everything alright in here?

Arkin turns, seeing Michael standing in the doorway.

ARKIN
Oh, she uh...

Arkin looks for the spider, but it skitters away.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
She just invited me to her tea party.
Sorry...pardon me.

Arkin rises to his feet, still flustered.

MICHAEL
I see.

ARKIN
I have one about the same age... a daughter
(after a beat)
Her name's Cindy.

Michael softens a bit.

MICHAEL
Oh. Okay, well...

ARKIN
I got the door working.

MICHAEL
Good--

HANNAH (O.S.)
Thank you for coming, Mr. Arkin.

Arkin turns to Hannah, offering a quick wave and smirk.

ARKIN
And thank you, Hannah. It was lovely.

Michael smirks, following Arkin out.

26 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 26

Arkin exits the BACK KITCHEN DOOR. The LONE KEY LOCK on the door is seen. Also, there's an ALARM SYSTEM on the wall with LIGHTS and an LCD SCREEN that reads, "NOT ARMED."

27 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - MOMENTS LATER 27

Arkin moves to several DECORATIVE IRON BARS stacked against a SMALL SHED. He kneels, taking out a CIGARETTE and lighting it. Inhale.

Arkin's eyes stay on the house. Then, a WASP lands on ARKIN'S ARM. Arkin freezes.

The wasp moves up his arm. Arkin raises a hand to push it away when-- ANOTHER WASP lands on his HAND.

Arkin's eyes drift to the shed. It's SWARMING with a WASP NEST.

Arkin doesn't dare make a quick move. He slowly backs away when--

ANOTHER WASP lands on ARKIN'S NECK. Arkin's eyes widen, but he doesn't flinch.

Arkin holds. The wasp moves ACROSS HIS NECK.

Arkin brings the CIGARETTE to his lips. Takes a DEEP DRAG. BLOWS THE SMOKE ON THE WASPS.

The wasps SHUDDER. And one by one, the WASPS FLY AWAY.

Arkin backs away, grabbing one of the decorative iron bars and moving.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Let's just leave a key with him and the work will be done when we get back.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
We hardly even know this guy, Michael.

28 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER 28

Michael moves through the living room with Victoria in tow.

MICHAEL
I know him--

VICTORIA
For a few weeks. That's not trust. That's courtship. No. Not without us here.

MICHAEL
Vicky--

VICTORIA
No.

29 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS 29

Arkin's on a ladder mounting DECORATIVE IRON BARS outside the cracked window. He can hear everything.

A grey-black CAT sits on the windowsill watching Arkin.

Arkin holds the TWO BOLTS for the bottom of the decorative iron bars, trying not to be noticed.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Look, we have half the town out there breaking their backs. I'm just trying to get this place finished--

Arkin accidentally DROPS one of the BOLTS--PING! It hits the METAL LADDER. The conversation ABRUPTLY STOPS.

After a beat, Arkin looks up, seeing Michael staring at him. Michael sighs and moves away.

BANG! The CITY UTILITY MAN mounts a ladder on the side of the house, climbing.

Arkin turns, seeing the Cable Man running a cable line along the base of the house. He steps over the Exterminator, who also SPRAYS for bugs along the base of the house.

ARKIN
(to Exterminator)
Hey, there's a wasp nest over there.

The Cable Man taps the Exterminator on the shoulder, getting his attention for Arkin. The Exterminator stops, staring directly at Arkin for a beat without acknowledgement.

Then, he pulls the EARPHONES from his ears. FAINT MUSIC is heard from the earphones.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
(pointing)
Wasp nest. Over there.

The Exterminator looks and gives a THUMBS UP. He then nods, putting the earphones back in and returns to spraying.

30 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - LATER 30

Arkin carries the remaining iron bars into the basement. He passes a cache of GARDEN TOOLS, POWER EQUIPMENT, and other SUPPLIES being used for the house maintenance.

31 INT. TRUCK - LATER 31

Arkin falls into the seat, pulling CIGARETTES and MATCHES. He lights a cigarette and takes a deep drag, eyeing the home.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, lemme bum a drag.

Arkin turns, seeing the eldest daughter, **JILL** (18, barely there shorts, bikini top, a tad too much make up).

ARKIN
Sorry, I'm not adding to your delinquency.

JILL
You a narc? Gimme a drag.

Arkin relents, letting her take his cigarette. She takes a deep drag, looking him up and down with a curious gaze.

JILL (CONT'D)
Arkin, right?

Arkin nods.

JILL (CONT'D)
What kind of name is Arkin anyway?

ARKIN
It's a first name. What kind of name is Jill?

JILL
It was my grandmother's name. She was the first female Attorney General in the state.

ARKIN
Well, you have a lot to live up to.

They share a smart-alecky look as Jill takes a step towards Arkin. A bit too close.

JILL
I'm eighteen, you know.

ARKIN
Well, then you can buy your own cigarettes, but I'm guessing your parents wouldn't approve of that.

JILL
My parents don't have a clue about what I do.

Jill takes a deep drag. Blows a RING.

JILL (CONT'D)
You're about to hear a fight.

ARKIN
That so?

JILL
Yeah, but don't freak. It's just a show.

ARKIN
(motions for cig)
You better give me that then. I don't wanna ruin your performance.

Jill puts the cigarette back into Arkin's mouth.

JILL
Later, Arkin.

Jill turns, moving swiftly towards the house. She comes to a TREE, expertly climbing it to the PORCH ROOF.

Jill moves across the porch roof to a PARTIALLY OPEN WINDOW. Her room. She gives a wave and slides in.

Arkin's eyes shift to the City Utility Man. The gruff, large man loads his truck. He's been watching Arkin and Jill, and his eyes drift back up to Jill's room.

Arkin tosses down his butt, getting back to work.

32 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - LATER **32**

The sun's dropping. Arkin hauls a TREE STUMP across the yard to the FLOWER GARDEN on the side of the home.

He sets down the tree stump in middle of the flower garden. Arkin wipes the sweat from his brow, his eyes drifting to the DRIVEWAY. The WORK MEN are loading their trucks and heading out.

Michael LOADS SUITCASES into the Range Rover.

JILL (O.S.)
Mom, I told you, I don't want to go!

Arkin's eyes rise to Jill's partially cracked window. Jill's once cocky demeanor has shrunk into that of shrieking child.

JILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
All my friends are staying! I can't go! You can't do this to me!

Pure acting.

VICTORIA (O.S.)
It's not an option, you're going! This is the last summer we have as a--

JILL (O.S.)
Mom!!!

Arkin moves back into the garden, moving the stump over a bit, right on top of a DEAD SPOT OF FLOWERS.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Not a bad idea.

Arkin looks to Michael, who approaches.

ARKIN
Yeah, figured you could paint something on it or...

MICHAEL
Like "Vicky's Enchanted Garden"?

Arkin nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
It's to cover the dead spots, huh?

Arkin shrugs, and they share a smile.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Yeah, she never was much of a gardener.

Michael's eyes rise to the Jill's window, the ARGUMENT still raging.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Likes the way it looks, though.
(holds out an envelope)
Anyhow, this is for the week.

ARKIN
Oh, thank you.

MICHAEL
Some extra in there.

ARKIN
No, I can't take extra--

MICHAEL
Come on. It's for the little one. I know how tough it is.

Arkin nods, begrudgingly accepting the extra money.

ARKIN
Thank you. Thanks a lot.

Michael turns, making his way back to the house.

MICHAEL
You earned it. Spend as much time as you can with them when they're young. Something happens around the age of thirteen. It gets rough for a while, but I hear they come back around.

Arkin smirks.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
See you in a few weeks.

ARKIN
Have a safe trip.

Arkin quickly flips through the envelope. It's MONEY. Not much. FOUR HUNDREDS and a FIFTY.

33 INT. TRUCK - LATER **33**

The sun has set. Arkin slides into his truck. He wipes his brow again, filthy from a hard day of work.

CLOSE ON: The dashboard clock reads 5:01 PM.

Arkin's eyes shift to the beautiful home. The Range Rover sits in the driveway, packed and READY TO GO.

34 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - MOMENTS LATER **34**

Arkin's truck pulls out, but it is forced to slam on its brakes when a POLICE CRUISER stops in front of it.

35 INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS **35**

ON WINDSHIELD: A **DEPUTY SHERIFF** glares from behind tinted sunglasses. He motions for Arkin to roll down his window.

36 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS **36**

The police cruiser moves up aside the truck.

37 INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS **37**

Arkin tenses up, struggling a bit to roll down his window.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
Headin' somewhere, son?

ARKIN
Just home for the evenin', officer.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
You work here for the Chase's?

ARKIN
Sure do.

The Deputy Sheriff looks him up and down.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
Haven't seen you 'round before.

ARKIN
Moved into town 'bout two months ago, live over on Stacy Lane.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
Moved...or was *released?*

Arkin's friendly grin drops ever so slightly.

ARKIN
If there's nothing else, officer...

The Deputy Sheriff breaks out a SMIRK.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
I'm just yankin' yer chain.

The Deputy Sheriff has a short laugh.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Mike's been singin' your praises. I tell you, if you have some free time while they're gone, I have this sloping porch issue begging for your skills. Beers and burgers on the house.

ARKIN
Sounds good, officer.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
It's, Rob. Thanks. We'll hatch a plan later on, eh?

ARKIN
Sure thing.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
Adios.

The Deputy Sheriff nods, moving his cruiser forward, pulling into the Chase's driveway.

Arkin drives off. His eyes rise to his rear view mirror.

ON REARVIEW MIRROR: The Deputy Sheriff gets out of his cruiser and makes his way to the Chase's home. Michael greets him with a handshake.

38 EXT. DINER - NIGHT **38**

The rusted out Dodge Ram truck sits out front a twenty-four hour diner with a glowing red neon sign.

39 INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS **39**

Arkin sits in the cab writing something in a NOTEBOOK.

CLOSE ON: It's of the interior of the Chase's home. Arkin draws an X in the MASTER BEDROOM CLOSET. Right where Victoria was standing. Arkin wasn't spying on her, he was LOOKING FOR SOMETHING. Arkin's eyes rise to the diner.

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: An attractive waitress with grease-stained apron and stringy hair. She was probably gorgeous a few years ago, but now she's just tired.

Arkin closes up the notebook and tosses it on the floor next to the TWO BOLTS from the Chase's decorative iron bars.

Arkin's eyes shift to the far window where a little girl sitting in a window booth draws with crayons.

Arkin grabs a bag from the passenger seat and exits the cab.

40 INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER 40

Arkin slides into the booth with the little girl. This is his daughter, **CINDY** (6).

ARKIN
What 'cha drawing there, little girl?

Cindy looks up, her eyes widening.

CINDY
Daddy!

ARKIN
Shh, keep quiet just one second.

Arkin looks over his shoulder, keeping his voice down.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I got someone who wants to meet you.

CINDY
Who?

ARKIN
You have to close your eyes.

Cindy smiles a glowing smile and does as she's told. Arkin sets the Puffkin Bear on the table.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Open, baby-girl.

Cindy sees the bear and a huge smile comes to her face. She looks between the bear and her father.

CINDY
What's his name?

ARKIN
I think he told me his name was George, but I could be wrong.

CINDY
He's for me?

Arkin nods, and Cindy slowly reaches forward, taking the Puffkin Bear like it's precious gold.

A gentle smile begins to cross Arkin's face when--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Do you have it?

Arkin looks over to see the waitress hovering over his shoulder. This is his ex-wife, LISA (20s).

ARKIN
Oh, hey--

LISA
(re: Puffkin Bear)
What is that?

CINDY
It's George. Daddy got him for me.

LISA
(to Arkin)
How much did that cost?

ARKIN
Hon--

LISA
Do you have it or not?

ARKIN
Now hold on--

LISA
Goddamn it, Arkin.

Lisa turns and motions for Arkin to follow her. Arkin looks to Cindy, but he knows that he has to follow.

CINDY
Thank you, daddy.

ARKIN
You're welcome, baby-girl.

Arkin follows his ex-wife.

41 EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER **41**

Lisa barges out the backdoor to the alley behind the diner.

LISA
You were supposed to come by three hours ago.

ARKIN
Yeah, got a bit tied up at work--

LISA
Do you or don't you have the money?

ARKIN
Yeah, got it right here.

Arkin hands over the envelope of money.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
It's not as much as I said, but--

LISA
What is this?! I need twenty grand, Arkin!

Lisa's voice cracks, but she catches herself.

LISA (CONT'D)
You promised you'd get it by tonight--

ARKIN
I am. But these jobs don't happen overnight--

LISA
You've been saying that for the past six weeks.

ARKIN
I'm going to get it--

LISA
I have to have it *today!*

ARKIN
Why today?

LISA
Because the people I owe want it!!!

Arkin's stunned. Lisa shakes her head, controlling her emotions.

ARKIN
I'm doing this for you--

LISA
I have to leave.

ARKIN
I can't leave the state, you know that. It violates my probation--

LISA
I'm leaving tonight.

ARKIN
Relax, alright--

LISA
Look at me! Look at my hands!

Lisa exposes her dried out and reddened hands.

LISA (CONT'D)
I've been doing this by myself since the day you went to prison. Three jobs. Everyday. But at the end of each month, I'm behind.

Arkin tries to gently take hold of Lisa's hands.

ARKIN
Baby, I'm trying...

LISA
It's not enough! I borrowed to get by, Arkin A lot of money. You say you're trying, but it's not enough.

Lisa pulls away.

LISA (CONT'D)
I've been in this shit town for three years taking Cindy to see you every weekend. You're out now, you're trying, but it's the same, Arkin. You're a criminal.

ARKIN
Come on, baby...

LISA
No. I took the loans. They're my cross to bear and I shouldn't expect you to pay 'em off.
(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)
(beat)
But I have to think about our little girl.

ARKIN
I can talk to the people you owe--

LISA
They're loan sharks, Arkin. It's due. That's all there is to it.

Arkin pauses a moment.

ARKIN
Where are you gonna go? Your mom's? Your sister's?

Lisa doesn't react.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
What are you gonna do? Disappear? They'll chase you, baby--

LISA
You're an asshole, you know that.

Lisa snatches the envelope from Arkin's hand and moves back to the diner.

ARKIN
I'll get the money, alright? Tonight--

LISA
It's too late.

ARKIN
Baby--

Arkin grabs Lisa's arm, but she shakes him off.

LISA
Don't touch me!

ARKIN
Just give me until midnight, okay?

Lisa debates it in her brain, like she has a million times before and it's killing her.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I'll get the money.

After a beat, Lisa looks up. Her eyes meet with Arkin's. And after a beat--

LISA
Midnight.

Lisa turns and reenters the diner, closing the door.

42 INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER **42**

Arkin slides into his cab, firing up the engine. His eyes drift out the front windshield to the diner.

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: Cindy sits in the booth holding her new bear.

Arkin's eyes strain as--

CUT TO:

43 EXT. STREET - NIGHT **43**

Arkin on a pay phone, already talking.

ARKIN
(into phone)
We need to meet up.

CUT BACK TO†

44 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT **44**

Cindy staring back at Arkin. She smiles, holding up her bear. She loves it.

CUT TO:

45 INT. STREET - NIGHT **45**

Arkin nervously turns, making sure no one is listening.

ARKIN
(into phone)
Now. I gotta meet now.

CUT BACK TO†

46 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT **46**

Arkin's view of Cindy is interrupted when Lisa slides into the booth, gaining Cindy's attention.

Lisa's eyes shoot to Arkin. He drops his head, slamming the truck into reverse.

47 EXT. BAR - LATER **47**

Neon lights advertise the cheap drinks and lap dance specials. LONELY MEN filter past the HULK OF A MAN working the doors.

A MALE VOICE creeps in. This is **ROY** (50s). Even without seeing him, his gruff, laid back voice is one that instantly commands attention and respect.

ROY (V.O.)
Clouds are rollin' in. Gonna get pretty wet out there.

Arkin is waved through the doorway with a nod of the head.

48 INT. BAR - MOMENT LATER **48**

A layer of smoke hovers just below the ceiling in the nearly pitch dark titty bar. A STRIPPER gyrates on the stage, taking the eyes of the horny, desperate men.

ARKIN (V.O.)
I'm not planning on being outside long.

49 INT. BAR - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER **49**

Arkin passes SEVERAL LARGE MEN, moving into a back hallway. STRIPPERS mill about, leading their men for four minutes of paid paradise.

ROY (V.O.)
Feet still gonna tough the ground. That is 'less you can fly?

Arkin moves to the back door. One of the large men pushes open the back door, motioning to a waiting Lincoln Town Car with black paint job and blacked out windows.

ROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Can you fly, Arkin?

50 INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - MOMENTS LATER **50**

Arkin sits in the back of the moving car. A SKINNY MAN drives. A bear of a man sits sideways in the passenger seat, able to strike out at Arkin at any moment. This is **JESSUP** (30s).

An armrest separates Arkin from Roy. The older, rough-looking man dips his hand into a tray of peanuts. He discards of the shells out the slightly rolled down window.

ARKIN
No, I can't fly.

Roy snickers, popping a peanut into his mouth.

ROY
He's moving that rock soon, you know.

ARKIN
Yeah, I got the place inside and out.

ROY
Found the safe?

ARKIN
Master bedroom, floor of the closet.

ROY
(with a chuckle)
Jewel brokers are all the same; rather keep their goods close by than in any bank vault.

ARKIN
You sure the stone's in there?

ROY
My sources ain't been wrong yet.

ARKIN
A buyer's lined up, right?

ROY
'Course.

ARKIN
How much?

Roy's eyes narrow, taking a long look at Arkin.

ROY
What's with all the questions, son?

ARKIN
I need to settle with you tonight.

Roy's eyes connect with Jessup's.

ROY
We got a routine here.
(beat)
You can't just change a routine.

ARKIN
Tonight. Midnight.

ROY
No can do.

ARKIN
Then I'll take it to someone who will.

Arkin's sharp tone takes Roy aback. There's a beat as the two men stare, neither lowering their gaze. Jessup's waiting for a nod to strike. But Roy eases into a smile.

ROY
You've grown into your skin, kiddo. If you had half of this moxie when you were doing your stretch I wouldn't have had to peel that Mississippi-faggot off your back in the yard.
(beat, chuckles)
Fucker didn't even poke a pillow after that intervention, eh?
(beat)
I run a smooth machine out here. All my worker bees are in the black. They understand that I find the jobs, and they work them.
(beat, inches forward)
That's how this deal works. But you wanna try and fuck with me your very first job on the outside--

ARKIN
You helped me in there, but I never agreed to your terms--

WHAM! Roy SLAPS the armrest, knocking the peanuts everywhere.

ROY
Taking my help means you did!

Arkin flinches, staring into Roy's burning eyes.

ROY (CONT'D)
You're a free man now and you come in here all hopped up on macho bullshit, yet your request, and it is a *request*, requires my sympathy. You need me to think about that woman of yours. You need me to think about that pretty little girl of yours.
(beat)
You're just full of so much bull-piss *need*.

ARKIN
Roy, this is my one and only time with you so I can get straight--

ROY
Shhhhhhhh...
(beat)
This is the part where you listen, son. Don't fuck that up.

Arkin swallows.

ROY (CONT'D)
You and I are born of bad stock. We don't get breaks. The system ain't set up for us. We're roaches. And no straight thinker ever felt pity for no roach. Smear 'em. Stomp 'em. Gas 'em. But never pity.
(beat)
That's the way it is.

There's a beat as Roy leans back and pops a few random peanuts into his mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)
Ampulex Compressa. You know what that is?

ARKIN
No.

ROY
A wasp. But not like any other wasp, mind you. This wasp has a particular way of birthing its young. You see, it pounces on a cockroach and drives its stinger into the roach's brain until the roach is paralyzed.

Arkin's eyes shoot to his peripheral, Jessup's gaze burning into him.

ROY (CONT'D)
Then, and this is where it gets nasty, the wasp guides the still living roach like a little doggie back to the wasp's nest. The wasp then lays its egg under the soft belly of the roach. And for the next eight days...*eight days*...the youngling burrows in and eats the insides of the cockroach, eventually birthing by punching its way out of the
(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)
bastard's head and putting the roach down for good.

Roy laughs a snort.

ROY (CONT'D)
It took that kind of morbid shit to get me to find the slightest bit of *pity* for a cockroach.

Roy takes a beat.

ROY (CONT'D)
Now, what was that request of yours?

ARKIN
We settle tonight. Fifty percent take.

Roy sighs a bit. Arkin doesn't budge. He means business. Roy hardens again, leaning forward.

ROY
You're talking like a man who doesn't want his fingers.

ARKIN
I'm the only one you know who can get into that safe, so if you got a better option than me, roll it out.

Roy looks to Jessup. Jessup leans toward Arkin. But--

ARKIN (CONT'D)
(to Jessup)
You fuckin' breathe on me, I'm taking your eyeballs home in my pocket.

Jessup looks back to Roy. Roy nods a bit. Jessup eases back. Roy's eyes glisten. Threatening. But Arkin doesn't sway. His face is granite.

Then, Roy smirks, letting out a sigh.

ROY
Thirty percent.

ARKIN
Fifty.

ROY
Thirty-five.

ARKIN
Fifty.

ROY
Forty, take it or leave it.

Arkin holds a second and then nods. The car eases to a stop. Outside, the lights of the strip club pulsate.

Arkin opens the door to get out.

ARKIN
I'll see you later tonight.

ROY
Beware the wasps, Arkin.

Roy's eyes burn into Arkin as the young men steps out of the car, moving to his truck. Roy's eyes drift over to Jessup.

ROY (CONT'D)
Stay close to his woman.

Roy pops a peanut into his mouth.

51 EXT. WOODS - LATER **51**

Arkin's truck, with lights out, creeps down a dirt road in the woods outside the country home.

It comes to a stop and the engine cuts out.

52 INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS **52**

A SLIGHT MIST falls, dotting the windshield. Arkin looks to his WATCH.

CLOSE ON: Arkin's DIGITAL WATCH. It reads 10:47 PM. He set it for 11:30 PM. The ALARM turned on.

Arkin's eyes rise, looking out this front window.

ARKIN
Midnight.

ON WINDSHIELD: Through the dense trees, HEADLIGHTS are seen. They approach and pass, revealing the car as the POLICE CRUISER.

Arkin waits a second and then grabs a MEDIUM-SIZED BLACK BAG.

53 EXT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER **53**

Arkin exits, tossing the bag over his shoulder and moving through the woods. He wears BLACK CARGO JEANS with MANY POCKETS.

54 EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER **54**

Arkin squats. He pulls BINOCULARS from his bag.

THROUGH BINOCULARS: The country home. Pitch dark.

Arkin lowers the binoculars, puts them back in the bag. He moves from the cover of the woods.

55 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - MOMENTS LATER **55**

Arkin moves through the WET GRASS. Something catches his eye. There's a STAKE in the grass. He freezes. Never seeing it before.

Then, a CHAIN JINGLES. And as he turns, a RABID DOG RUNS STRAIGHT FOR HIM! The dog leaps and STRIKES--

CHOMP! Its teeth CLAMP DOWN, inches from Arkin's nose. It's yanked back by the tight chain. It FURIOUSLY SNAPS at Arkin.

But it makes NO NOISE. It has NO VOICE BOX. Strange. Arkin looks between the house and the dog.

56 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - MOMENTS LATER **56**

Arkin moves around the house. Arkin comes to the LIVING ROOM WINDOW, dropping his bag.

Standing on the TREE STUMP he placed under the window, Arkin pulls at the DECORATIVE IRON BARS. But they won't budge.

Using a FLASHLIGHT with TIGHT BEAM, Arkin looks at the bars, seeing TWO BOTTOM BOLTS in place. Just like the two he took.

ARKIN
Goddamn it.

Arkin tries to look through the window, but the drapes are all pulled.

57 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - REAR DOOR - MOMENTS LATER **57**

Arkin moves to the rear door. He's able to see through the SMALL GLASS WINDOW on the door.

Arkin shines his flashlight in. Nothing inside is out of the ordinary. Then, something catches his eye.

It's the ALARM SYSTEM. The LCD screen is BLANK. All the lights are off. It has NO POWER.

Arkin smirks to himself and drops to his knees, opening his bag and pulling out the LOCK PICK KIT.

Arkin inspects the lock. He takes a pair of NEEDLE-NOSE PLIERS from his bag. Slightly tweaks the lock pick.

Stuffs the needle-nose pliers into his PANT POCKET and gets to work on the lock.

58 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 58

The rear door opens into the kitchen. Arkin stows his lock pick kit. He pulls a TOWEL, wiping off the soles of his tennis shoes.

Arkin takes a few steps, entering the kitchen. He closes the door. The FLASHLIGHT shoots through the kitchen. All normal.

Arkin stows the flashlight and slides it into his POCKET.

He turns to the alarm system, jiggling the power switch. But nothing happens. It's DEAD. Arkin moves through the kitchen to the--

59 INT. COUNTRY HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 59

It's a stately room with grand wood dining room table and chairs. He moves through the room to the--

60 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS 60

A large CHANDELIER reflects the little light there is. LIGHTNING FLASHES, partially lighting up the foyer, exposing--

A PERSON!

Arkin lurches back, and so does the person. But as Arkin focuses, he sees that it's his REFLECTION. The long HALLWAY MIRROR has been pushed out.

Arkin sighs, breathing easy. He moves up the stairs stopping on the first step-- CREEEEAK!!! The old wood tells it all.

Arkin climbs the stairs to the--

61 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 61

Arkin steps down the hallway. One door is AJAR. It's Hannah's room.

He moves to the door, easing it open. It CREAKS from a rusty joint, revealing--

62 INT. COUNTRY HOME - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 62

Hannah's room. Just like before. Arkin leans into the room, pulling his FLASHLIGHT. He scans the room and sees the bed... WITH A LUMP. Is someone there?

Arkin inches forward when-- LAUGHTER BELLOWS!

Arkin lurches back, turning the light on a HUMAN-SIZED DOLL.

It's a LITTLE GIRL with curly blond hair and large eyes. Staring right at him, laughing.

Arkin steps back and the laughing STOPS. It's a MOTION DETECTOR. Arkin moves to the bed and pulls back the sheet revealing a PUFFKIN BEAR. Just like the one he got Cindy.

ARKIN
Cute.

Arkin recovers the stuffed animal and eases out of the room, closing the door.

63 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 63

Arkin creeps into the master bedroom. Looks like it's in perfect shape. Arkin moves to the CLOSET.

IN CLOSET: Arkin pushes aside some shoe boxes and pulls back the carpet, revealing-- THE SAFE.

It's built into the floor. SPIN WHEEL DIAL.

Arkin reaches into his bag and pulls out a STETHOSCOPE. He goes to work. Spins the combination wheel. Listening for the CLICK. He gets NUMBER ONE.

Starts turning it in the opposite direction. Then, out of the corner of his eye-- SOMETHING MOVES!

Arkin's head SPINS. Looks around the room.

Is there something? Or is it just his mind playing tricks?

Lightning PULSATES, the flash coming through the SKYLIGHT, casting SHADOWS across the room. Nothing there.

Arkin turns to get back to business when-- CLICK!

64 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - REAR DOOR - CONTINUOUS 64

CLOSE ON: A KEY sinks into the LOCK and TURNS.

65 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 65

Arkin's eyes BULGE... SOMEONE IS HOME!

66 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 66

The lock gives and the rear door swings open. The SHADOW OF A TALL, LITHE MAN wearing BLACK BOOTS crosses the threshold.

67 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 67

Arkin's eyes shift as he listens for footsteps.

68 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS 68

The BLACK BOOTS move through the dining room to the front foyer. They turn and start CLIMBING THE STAIRS to the second floor.

69 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 69

Arkin rises, he has to move. He hoists up his tools without making too much noise.

Seeing through the door, Arkin sees the FIGURE COMING UP THE STAIRS! He dashes into the MASTER BATHROOM.

70 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 70

The Black Boots come to the top of the stairs and turn, stopping on a dime.

The master bedroom door is CRACKED. Not like it was before. The Black Boots move to the door.

A KEY CHAIN with dozens of keys hangs on his BELT BUCKLE, JINGLING with every step.

71 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 71

The door opens, CREAKING ever so slightly. The room is normal. Nothing out of place.

But the Black Boots step in. They move to--

72 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 72

The master bathroom door is pushed open. It's empty. But as we notice, there's a DOOR OPPOSITE leading to ANOTHER ROOM.

73 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS 73

Arkin creeps down the stairs, stepping OVER the bottom stair that creaked on the way up. He turns entering the--

74 INT. COUNTRY HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 74

Arkin moves quickly, keeping an ear out for the person upstairs. He crosses into the--

75 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 75

Arkin slides his bag over his shoulder and reaches for the lock. Turns it and PULLS the knob, but-- NOTHING HAPPENS.

There's a SOUND from above. Arkin's eyes rise. Then, he leans down, LOOKING to the door.

CLOSE ON: FOUR DOOR LOCKS. Installed that day. Only accessible by KEY.

Arkin's brow furrows. That's new. And strange. Arkin turns, making his way to the--

76 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - MOMENTS LATER 76

Arkin steps for the front door, but he NUDGES A TABLE. A LAMP wobbles and FALLS--

But Arkin GRABS IT...GASPING ever so slightly. His eyes RISE. The boots MOVE. He replaces the lamp and TURNS--

77 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER 77

The Black Boots come down the stairs, stopping in the front foyer. A step is taken into the--

78 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 78

Living room. In a dark shadow, behind a GRAND VASE, Arkin crouches. He doesn't even breathe. He can't help but look.

LIGHTNING strikes, enabling Arkin to get a GLIMPSE.

It's a TALL MAN. VERY TALL. He's thin, but much larger than Arkin. The Man's face is IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE in the dark.

Suddenly, The Man turns, moving back to the KITCHEN and then DOWN THE STAIRS into the BASEMENT.

79 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - MOMENTS LATER 79

Arkin reaches for the front door handle, but FREEZES. His eyes drift to the hallway. He holds.

Arkin should leave. He knows that. But he's there. The person could be anyone. Caretaker. Relative. Anyone.

The safe is close to being open. And Arkin HAS TO GET THAT JEWEL. He may not get this type of chance again.

Arkin's eyes drop to his watch.

He makes his decision and MOVES TO THE STAIRS, stepping over the creaky one.

80 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM 80

Arkin moves in, wisely remembering to close the door this time. He points to the WINDOW, referencing JILL'S WINDOW ENTRANCE.

ARKIN
Thank you, Jill.

Arkin opens the CLOSET DOOR and kneels again, putting down his bag of tools. He pulls out the STETHOSCOPE and gets back to work.

81 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 81

CLOSE ON: The air vent. FAINT WHIMPERING is heard. Like someone CRYING. PLEADING. A MAN.

Arkin's stopped. STARING at the vent. His eyes are WIDE. Not a muscle in his body moves. He just stares at the vent.

The WHIMPERING is faint. But it's distinct. SOMEONE is in pain. And they're PLEADING.

Arkin's eyes strain.

Then, there's an INTENSE HISSING SOUND. Like air rapidly seeping from a tire.

SINISTER MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY. LOUDLY.

SCREAMING follows.

QUICK CLIP OF: Wrist and ankle cuffs pop OPEN. A bound PERSON rises from a chair. A canister spews a MILKY FOG into the basement room. The person gags, bolting for the stairs up--

Arkin moves to hide. He looks to the window, not enough time.

QUICK CLIP OF: The person barges through the basement door to the kitchen, falling instantly with a THUD. He COUGHS terribly. The milky fog drifts out from the basement door--

Arkin gathers his stuff, pushing it all into the closet.

QUICK CLIP OF: The person SCREAMS, pulling himself from the floor. The fog fills the kitchen. The person scrambles towards the first floor hallway when he runs into something and SCREAMS--

Arkin pushes all his stuff into the closet and closes the door.

QUICK CLIP OF: The person's hands and face are now covered with BLOOD. The person backs into the kitchen. The milky fog envelopes him. He dashes back through the dining room and towards the first floor stairs--

Arkin holds, listening.

BAM! The master bedroom door flies open and a person crashes to the floor as the thick fog rolls into the room.

Through the CRACKS in the closet door, Arkin is able to see the person.

It's MICHAEL. He's covered in BLOOD. CUTS across his FACE and BODY. His clothes SHREDDED. He gags for air, CRAWLING along the floor and PLEADING--

MICHAEL
No...no...no...

Arkin's eyes widen. Michael COLLAPSES onto his face, his eyes turning directly towards Arkin.

Arkin freezes. **Does he see him?**

Then, Michael's head rises. HE SEES ARKIN. His brow tightens. Eyes moist.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You...you...

Arkin's eyes shift to the doorway. The MILKY FOG continues to roll into the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this? Why are you doing this!?

Michael climbs to his feet, moving towards the closet door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this!?

Michael's going to open the door. He's going to expose Arkin. Arkin has to do something. He reaches down, grabbing a SCREWDRIVER.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You sonuvabitch! You sonuvabitch!

Michael's eyes shift, seeing something on top of the TV. It's a KNIFE-LIKE LETTER OPENER. Arkin sees it, too.

He has to react--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
How dare you--

Michael grabs the letter opener. But it's attached to a THIN STEEL WIRE. And a SNARE TRAP on the floor is instantly sprung.

A loop of steel wire, hidden along the baseboards, TIGHTENS and a COUNTER WEIGHT drops from the ceiling above the first floor staircase.

Michael's legs are SNARED and he's YANKED from the master bedroom in an instant--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Aahhhhh...

82 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 82

Michael comes to a stop above the first floor staircase. He dangles from his feet.

83 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 83

Arkin's eyes are wide. **What the fuck was that?**

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: Arkin sees the REFLECTION into the hallway off VICTORIA'S MIRROR.

Other than Michael yelling, it's quiet. The hissing sound from the basement is gone. The milky fog begins to dissipate.

And then-- **THE MAN** slowly steps out from the shadows. He inspects the dangling, screaming Michael.

Arkin gets a decent look at The Man.

In all black and wearing a mask, The Man's narrow shoulders and long appendages make him look like a PREYING MANTIS.

The Man steps up on the banister, balancing himself perfectly. He pulls out a pair of WIRE CUTTERS and cuts the wire, causing Michael to fall from view with a THUD.

The Man steps off the banister to the stairs below, barely making a sound.

Arkin doesn't move. He simply listens. Michael is heard being DRAGGED AWAY. His SCREAMS eventually die out as he's dragged back into the BASEMENT.

Arkin exits the closet. He has to get out. He moves to the window, parting the drapes-- WOOD PLANKS!

Nailed to the window frame.

He parts the other drapes. Same deal. EVERY WINDOW IMPENETRABLE. Freshly put up. By The Man.

Arkin backs up, looking for the PHONE. He sees it PEEKING FROM UNDER THE BED. Arkin grabs the phone and puts it to his ear--

ARKIN
Aah!

He DROPS THE PHONE, seeing NEEDLES sticking out of the RECEIVER. BLOOD oozes from Arkin's ear.

Arkin looks around. **What the fuck has he gotten himself into?**

Then, Arkin sees it. There's a CRACK between two of the wood planks on the window.

Arkin could yank off the wood planks. He sticks his hand through the crack and PULLS--

Arkin WINCES. He tries to pull out his hand, but it's STUCK.

CLOSE ON: Arkin's hand is held into place by RAZORS. The more he pulls, the DEEPER they dig into his hand.

It's another TRAP.

Then, THERE'S A NOISE FROM DOWNSTAIRS. The Man is coming.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Arkin has to pull out his hand. He grits his teeth, PULLING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.

The razors TEAR INTO HIS HAND, ripping it to a BLOODY PULP. Arkin gasps, BLOOD GUSHING from his skinned hand.

He snags one of Michael's shirts, WRAPPING his hand. He closes the closet door and moves.

84 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 84

The Man clears away some debris from the floor and from around the DOORFRAME that separates the hallway from the kitchen. He then pulls a small CIRCULAR DEVICE from his hip.

The device spools out a FINE WIRE, and The Man attaches the fine wire to MOUNTED FIXTURES creating a WEBBED PATTERN in the doorframe. The action is PRECISE and EXTREMELY FAST.

85 INT. COUNTRY HOME - JILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 85

Arkin crouches in Jill's bedroom, still cringing from his hurt hand. He listens. The sound of The Man's SOFT FOOTSTEPS come up the first floor stairs.

Then, they turn down the hallway, making their way to the master bedroom. Arkin moves.

86 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 86

Able to see The Man through the CRACKED DOOR of the master bedroom, Arkin creeps down the stairs.

87 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 87

The Man stands. His head whips around. Nothing out of place. He holds a second. Something catches his eye.

The Man moves towards the closet. The same one where Arkin was hiding. It's cracked ever so slightly.

The Man YANKS OPEN the door. But, of course, it's empty.

However, The Man crouches down, seeing ARKIN'S BLACK BAG.

88 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS 88

Arkin sees the DOWNED CHANDELIER. He leans close, seeing JAGGED KNIVES attached to it, stained with Michael's blood.

His eyes follow STEEL WIRE attached to the chandelier. It's also attached to the FRONT DOOR HANDLE. A trap.

Arkin hears a STIR FROM UPSTAIRS.

89 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 89

Arkin turns into the living room, but stops, seeing BEAR TRAPS conspicuously placed throughout the LIVING ROOM FLOOR. He wisely avoids them.

Arkin parts the curtains, but the IRON BARS he mounted stare back at him.

ARKIN
Fuck.

Arkin's eyes turn to a LIGHT SWITCH. There's a RAZOR BLADE attached to it.

There's a LARGE KNIFE in the middle of an END TABLE. Arkin leans in, seeing that the knife is attached to a STEEL WIRE. A snare trap.

Arkin's eyes drift to the far wall. It's blanketed with NAILS, sharp ends sticking outward.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Jesus.

FOOTSTEPS FROM ABOVE!

90 INT. COUNTRY HOME - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 90

Arkin moves down the HALLWAY TO THE KITCHEN--

LIGHTNING PULSATES, lighting up a WEBBING of some sort. Arkin freezes, seeing MICRO-WIRE WEBBED TOGETHER. It's what Michael ran in to, and it's what The Man put back up.

THE MAN'S COMING! Arkin has to turn back and go through the--

91 INT. COUNTRY HOME - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 91

Watching the floor for TRAPS, Arkin moves to the kitchen. THE FOOTSTEPS FROM THE MAN ARE HEARD.

Arkin takes a step and hears a JINGLE. He FREEZES. And then, he leans forward, his RIGHT FOOT inches off the ground.

His eyes look to the doorframe. There's an 18-INCH MACHETE mounted to a SPRING-TRAP secured to the doorframe.

His eyes follow the THIN CHAIN that goes along the doorframe to the floor. It's attached to a TRIP WIRE. And if Arkin's foot hits the floor, the MACHETE IS SPRUNG.

ARKIN
Thorough fuck.

Arkin takes off his foot, stepping over the trip wire and entering the--

92 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 92

Arkin's hand runs down the FOUR LOCKS ON THE DOOR. No time to pick. Plus, he doesn't have his lock pick kit.

93 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 93

The Man's feet hit the stairs. He's coming.

94 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 94

Arkin looks around. Limited options. He turns to the basement door. **What the hell's down there?**

The Man's footsteps are coming. Arkin has no choice, sliding down into the--

95 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 95

Arkin creeps down the stairs. Several BLACK LIGHTS make the rooms glow PURPLE and GRAY.

At ONE STEP, Arkin notices a BOARD IS MISSING. He leans in, seeing SHARP SPIKES underneath. A trap.

96 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 96

The basement is a HALLWAY with DOORS on both sides. Arkin backs down the hallway, his eyes looking to the CEILING.

The Man's feet MOVE ABOVE HIM. He follows with his eyes. Arkin backs up and-- A HAND GRABS HIM!

Arkin spins, jumping out of this skin. Michael's CHAINED TO THE CHAIR, his body bloodied, and his feet FRESHLY BROKEN in horrific angles.

ARKIN
Oh god...

Michael SCREAMS, but Arkin lurches forward, covering his mouth.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Stop! Do not scream!

Michael's weak, on the verge of death, but he's still fighting for his life.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I'm not a part of this! Now stop screaming and I'll help you!

Michael still fights.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I'm here to help you! Stop screaming or that guy's gonna come back.

Michael eventually quiets down. He's drained of energy. Blood flows from his face.

MICHAEL
Why...why...why...

ARKIN
Michael, I'm not a part of this. You have to believe me.

Michael's eyes rise, but he's crying, completely coming apart.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I'm going to help you, okay?

Michael's able to offer a weak nod.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Who is he?

MICHAEL
H-h-he...he just showed up at the back door...didn't knock or anything...
(gags on blood)
Forced his way in...

He begins sobbing, coming undone.

ARKIN
Do you know him?

Michael shakes his head "no."

ARKIN (CONT'D)
When'd this happen?

MICHAEL
R-r-right at dark...five, six hours ago...before we were going to leave.

Arkin's eyes drift to the walls. The GARDEN TOOLS, POWER EQUIPMENT, and the SUPPLIES are gone.

ARKIN
Where'd everything go?

MICHAEL
I don't know...he took them...

ARKIN
Why's this guy doing this, Michael?

Michael eyes strain, his entire body trembling with emotion.

MICHAEL
I don't know...I don't know...

Arkin puts a soothing hands on Michael's shoulder.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
My wife...help my wife...

ARKIN
Where is she?

Michael motions to a door. Arkin moves, opening the door.

INSIDE ROOM: Victoria is CHAINED in an empty BATHTUB. She's GAGGED and her eyes are covered with DUCT TAPE.

Arkin shivers, turning back to Michael.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Where's Jill and Hannah?

MICHAEL
Jill...left...before he came.

ARKIN
Hannah. Where's Hannah?

Michael's eyes rise. Grief-stricken.

MICHAEL
I-I-I don't know.

Michael gags on blood, crying a weak whimper.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
My gun...it's the only way...you have to get my handgun...

Arkin's eyes widen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
In the safe...in my bedroom...

ARKIN
There's a gun in the safe?

MICHAEL
In the closet...on the floor...the bullets are in the bottom dresser drawer.

The same safe Arkin was trying to break in to has a HANDGUN in it as well.

ARKIN
What's the safe combination?

MICHAEL
15-24-7.

Arkin makes a mental note.

ARKIN
Okay, don't do anything.

Arkin places a reassuring hand on Michael's shoulder.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I'm going to get you out of here.

97 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 97

Arkin kneels next to Victoria.

ARKIN
Victoria...

His touch causes her to lurch violently. She chews on the gag and whimpers.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
It's Arkin. I'm here to help you.

She relaxes slightly.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I don't know what's going on, but I'm going to help you. I'm going to get you out of this.

His gentle hand strokes her head, putting her at ease.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I'm going to pull back your gag. Please do not scream. Do not make a sound.

She gives him a slight nod. He pulls back the gag.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Can you talk?

VICTORIA
Y-y-yes...have you seen Hannah... where's my baby?

ARKIN
I don't know where she is.

VICTORIA
She's hiding...he didn't get her... you have to find her...

ARKIN
I will, but I need you to do something.

Arkin takes a deep swallow. His eyes move to the chains. They're held in place by KEY LOCKS.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I can pick these locks. But what I need is upstairs.

Victoria begins crying, her mouth quivering.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I need you to scream.

VICTORIA
No...he'll come...he'll come...

ARKIN
I need you to make a distraction so that I can get upstairs.

VICTORIA
No...no...

ARKIN
When he comes down the stairs, stop screaming so that he doesn't hurt you, okay?

VICTORIA
No...no...no...

Arkin strokes her hair again.

ARKIN
I'm gonna get you out of here, but you have to help me, okay?

Victoria sobs, but she's able to offer up a nod.

98 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER 98

SCREAMS emanate from the room. There's a stir upstairs.

The Man's boots move across the floor. He whips open the basement door and charges down the stairs.

As he passes, Arkin emerges and quietly slides up the stairs unseen.

99 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 99

The door swings open. The Man stands there. Victoria doesn't make a sound.

100 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 100

Arkin cautiously moves through the kitchen. He wisely looks for a KITCHEN KNIFE. But the DRAWERS ARE BARE.

ARKIN
Fuck.

101 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 101

The Man steps into the room, stepping forward and sliding off her gag.

He's holding a pair of RUSTY GARDEN SHEARS and PLIERS.

102 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS 102

Arkin sees the chandelier back in place. LIGHTING PULSATES, lighting up the room.

Arkin's eyes drift to the living room. The BEAR TRAPS have been reset.

103 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 103

Victoria gags. She has her TONGUE pulled out with the PLIERS.

The RUSTY GARDEN SHEARS move into frame, sliding around her tongue.

104 INT. COUNTRY HOME - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 104

Arkin looks through Hannah's room.

ARKIN
(hushed)
Hannah?

Under the bed. In the closet. With the toys. No luck.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Come on.

He moves from the room.

105 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 105

The rusty garden shears TIGHTEN on Victoria's tongue. She pleads. The Man tightens them, but he then pulls them away.

THE MAN
(finger to her lips)
Shhhhhhhh.

He replaces her gag.

106 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 106

Arkin pulls open the closet doors and kneels--

But his BAG IS GONE. Arkin's head wipes around. The Man must have taken it.

Does The Man know he's there? What should he do now?

Arkin rises. Frantic. He looks around for anything. A weapon. A way out. Then, Arkin's head turns.

THE SAFE. It has the HANDGUN. Arkin bolts for the SAFE.

107 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS **107**

The Man steps out of the room, closing it. He moves to Michael. Standing right in front of him.

The Man grabs him by the hair, pulling back Michael's head to expose Michael's blood, saliva-covered face.

MICHAEL
No...no...no...

108 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS **108**

Arkin spins the lock. His hands shaking ever so slightly. His eyes switch between the lock and the door.

He spins, remembering the combination. And, it OPENS.

Arkin sticks his hand in and PULLS OUT THE HANDGUN. But Arkin freezes.

And then, he pulls out a small sack. Inside, Arkin finds a RUBY. The size of a half dollar. Uncut.

Arkin holds it up to the light from the skylight. Because it's uncut, it's muddy and dirty, but the MUTED RED is unmistakable of the valuable red mineral.

Arkin hesitates a second. He then slides the ruby into his FRONT POCKET.

Arkin moves to the dresser. Opens the bottom drawer. NOTHING. Arkin opens all the other drawers. NO BULLETS.

ARKIN
Fuck-fuck-fuck!

Arkin tucks the handgun into one of his LOWER POCKETS, and then-- there's a SOUND. It's coming from OUTSIDE.

Arkin moves to the window, looking out through the CRACK.

109 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS **109**

The DEPUTY SHERIFF's car sits with lights on just off the road leading to the house.

110 INT. SHERIFF DEPUTY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS **110**

The Sheriff Deputy sits with windshield wipers working overtime. He logs a chart, looking to the house.

111 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS **111**

Arkin's eyes light up. This is his chance. He has to do something. Then-- THERE'S SCREAMING FROM THE VENT.

It's Michael. And he's being tortured. Horribly.

Arkin pulls the FLASHLIGHT from his pocket. He sticks it out the crack and flicks the FLASHLIGHT ON AND OFF.

112 INT. SHERIFF DEPUTY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS **112**

The Sheriff Deputy looks DOWN right as the FLASHLIGHT starts BLINKING.

He writes something on the chart and LOOKS BACK UP. But the blinking has STOPPED.

113 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS **113**

Arkin looks out of crack.

ARKIN
Come on, see it! See it!

114 INT. SHERIFF DEPUTY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS **114**

The Sheriff Deputy looks down again as the FLASHLIGHT starts BLINKING AGAIN.

115 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS **115**

The Sheriff Deputy's car TURNS AROUND, heading back down the road.

116 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS **116**

Arkin sees it leaving.

ARKIN
Look in your rearview! Look in your goddamn mirror!

Arkin sticks the flashlight in the crack.

117 INT. SHERIFF DEPUTY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 117

ON REARVIEW MIRROR: The BLINKING FLASHLIGHT is seen.

But the Deputy Sheriff's eyes stay on the road, never rising to the rearview mirror.

118 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS 118

The Sheriff Deputy's car makes its way back onto the country road, turning.

119 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 119

Arkin sees it leaving.

ARKIN
Oh, come on! Goddamn it!

Arkin grits his teeth and jams and the flashlight back into his pocket. He closes the drapes when--

There's a SCRATCHING SOUND in the CLOSETS opposite him.

Arkin freezes. His eyes wide. The SCRATCHING CONTINUES. Arkin cautiously moves towards it.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Hannah?

The scratching gets LOUDER. And MORE FRANTIC. Arkin inches forward, whipping open the closet door revealing--

THE LARGE RED TRUNK.

There's scratching from within. And mumbling. It's a person. Arkin opens it-- AND A BLOODIED, MANGLED MAN reaches out!

Arkin jumps back. The GUY writhes in the trunk. Still alive. Barely. The guy looks to Arkin, crying.

GUY
Get out...hurry...get out...

ANTS crawl over his face and neck. He's delirious.

Arkin looks to the spring-loaded metal latches keeping the guy in place. It's like a giant RAT TRAP. A metal latch is tight across the guy's neck, choking him.

Arkin's eyes shoot to the stairway. **What the fuck is this? And what the fuck does he do?**

ARKIN
What...who are you?

GUY
Get out...he's coming...get out...

ARKIN
Who are you?

The guy strains to talk. And Arkin sees that he has a PARTIAL TONGUE.

GUY
(mumbled)
Larry...Larry Wharton.

Arkin's eyes tighten. The name means nothing to him. But it means something to us. MR. WHARTON. From the OPENING.

MR. WHARTON
Please...he's coming...

Arkin brushes the ants from Mr. Wharton's face and chest.

ARKIN
Do you know the Chases?

MR. WHARTON
No...no...

ARKIN
What does this guy want?

MR. WHARTON
He *collect*s people...

ARKIN
No, no, he's killing them--

MR. WHARTON
He only kills the ones he doesn't want...he takes the others...he takes them to his place...

ARKIN
Then why are you here?

Mr. Wharton looks up to Arkin. His blood and dirt-stained face on the verge of cracking.

MR. WHARTON
I'm the bait.
(beat)
He watches us. He studies us.

Mr. Wharton's head sways, he's losing consciousness. Arkin grabs his head, holding it up.

ARKIN
Why? Why you? Why the Chase's?

MR. WHARTON
He takes what he doesn't have...

A HIGH-PITCHED BUZZING SOUND emanates from the vents, followed by BLOODCURDLING SCREAMS. They both freeze, looking to the vent. Mr. Wharton lurches out, grabbing Arkin.

MR. WHARTON (CONT'D)
If you're not chosen...you'll never leave this house alive...

ARKIN
What?

MR. WHARTON
He always takes one.

Arkin pushes the trunk back into the closet.

ARKIN
Keep quiet.

MR. WHARTON
No!!!

Arkin jams closed the trunk again, pushing it back into the closet and closing the closet door.

120 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 120

Arkin moves to the stairs. LIGHTNING FLASHES against a wall. It catches Arkin's eye. It's coming from inside JILL'S BEDROOM.

121 INT. COUNTRY HOME - JILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 121

Arkin stands in the doorway. LIGHTNING FLASHES again. The drapes are open on the FAR WINDOW. The one Jill entered earlier.

The WINDOW'S CRACKED. And a bottom wood plank isn't over it. IT'S AN OPENING.

Arkin reacts, DASHING for the window, but-- Arkin's feet JERK TO A STOP.

He falls forward, one hand catching the bottom of the bed frame and the other hand catching a dresser knob. A HEAVY BOOK teeters on top of the dresser.

ARKIN
Ugh!

Arkin's nose is inches from a YELLOW PASTE that covers the ENTIRE FLOOR. And down comes the book with a THUD--

122 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 122

The Man looks up. He heard something. He holds a LONG BLADE and turns, making his way to the stairs.

123 INT. COUNTRY HOME - JILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 123

Arkin holds tight. His eyes drift along the floor, seeing the CAT stuck in a similar predicament. It hisses.

Arkin tries to pull up his shoes, but they're stuck. Not coming out.

He moves a hand to the book. And Arkin's able to push himself back up onto his feet again.

124 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 124

The Man emerges from the basement. He's careful, making sure the kitchen is clear first.

125 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 125

Arkin has to move. He unties his shoes. Pulls out a foot, setting it on the book.

Pulls out the other foot and leaps to the bed, causing the SPRINGS TO MAKE A NOISE--

126 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 126

The Man's head whips up. He heard that. With eyes on the ceiling, he makes his way to the dining room.

127 INT. COUNTRY HOME - JILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 127

Arkin leans forward and pulls out his shoes from the yellow paste. He moves to the cracked window when--

HISS! The Cat hisses terribly. Arkin's eyes whip to it. It moans. Miserable.

ARKIN
Stupid fuckin' cat.

128 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 128

The Man touches the first step and--CREEEEEEAK!

129 INT. COUNTRY HOME - JILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 129

Arkin's eyes bulge. He heard that. Arkin reaches for the cat.

ARKIN
(whispering)
Easy cat...easy...

He yanks the Cat from the yellow paste.

RAHHH! The Cat SCREECHES, scratching Arkin and leaping from his grip. The Cat goes for the OPEN WINDOW. But right as a front paw hits the OUTER WINDOWSILL--

CLOMP! A RAZOR-SHARP LAWN MOWER BLADE the length of the window comes down, CUTTING the Cat IN HALF.

The guillotine BLADE prohibits access to the window. Another trap.

130 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 130

The Man hears the commotion. He BOUNDS UP THE STAIRS.

131 INT. COUNTRY HOME - JILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 131

Arkin's eyes dart from left to right. **What's he going to do?**

Then, he sees the TWO SHOE PRINTS!

132 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 132

The Man gets to the top of the stairs and turns to enter the room--

133 INT. COUNTRY HOME - JILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 133

The Man looks. The BOOK is on the floor. Along with TWO SEVENTEEN MAGAZINES, both covering Arkin's shoe prints.

He sees the CAT PRINTS. The guillotine blade is down. Streaked in blood. HALF A CAT lying under the window.

But the bed is smooth. And nothing else is out of place. The Man holds a second.

And then, he lowers his blade. The Cat must have caused the noise. The Man sighs, acknowledging the Cat's death.

But the Man stares a second, though. Leaning forward.

But he dare not touch the yellow paste flooring.

CLOSE ON: An EYEBALL peeks out from between the pillows at the head of the bed. It's Arkin. He's replaced some of the pillows with himself.

Then, there's a NOISE. The Man'S HEAD TURNS, and he moves down the hallway towards the master bedroom.

Arkin sits up. Behind the bed, the discarded pillows lie. Along with Arkin's shoes.

Now barefoot, Arkin steps from the bed onto the *Seventeen* Magazines. He scoops up TWO PAPER CLIPS from Jill's desk and moves back into the hallway.

134 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 134

The Man looks around the room. A NOISE in the hallway makes him turn, but-- A MOAN from the bedroom closet makes him turn back.

The Man moves to the closet and opens, exposing the trunk with Mr. Wharton moaning from within. The Man kicks it HARD.

135 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 135

Arkin slides down into the basement. His eyes stay on the ceiling, sensing where The Man is moving. His eyes drift to Michael.

ARKIN
Oh--!

Michael's BODY HANGS UPSIDE DOWN. There's a plastic tarp under him. And he's completely wrapped in blood-spotted GAUZE looking like a spider's web. DEAD.

The ENTRAILS that aren't on the tarp are in a LARGE BUCKET.

136 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 136

The Man creeps back down the hallway. He holds the blade tightly. On the ready. All the doors are closed.

He comes to the stairs and moves down, moving very quietly and slowly.

137 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 137

Arkin, with hands over mouth, leans in, seeing that Michael is dead. He moves to the room with Victoria.

138 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS 138

The Man stands in the front foyer. The chandelier is in place. The Man's leans into the living room.

Everything looks normal. He eases back into the dining room.

139 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 139

Arkin kneels by Victoria, lowering her gag.

ARKIN
It's me, it's okay.

He twists the paper clips into LOCK PICKS and begins working on one of the locks.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I, uh, don't think Hannah's in the house.

VICTORIA
She has to be.

ARKIN
I've been all over, and I can't find her.

VICTORIA
She has to be here, she has to.

CREEEEEAK! SOOT from the ceiling falls into Arkin's hand. The Man is standing ABOVE THEM.

Arkin puts his finger to his lips. Victoria freezes. The soot drops a little further away. The Man is moving.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
(hysterics rising)
I can't do this...get me out of here...get me out...get me out...

ARKIN
Victoria, stay cool. Let me get these locks off.

VICTORIA
I thought it was a robbery...or rape. I prepared myself for that...
(her voice cracking)
But not this...not this...I don't want to die...

Arkin puts a comforting hand to her head again.

ARKIN
Come on, take a deep breath. Keep it cool.

Victoria does as she's hold, regaining a semblance of control

VICTORIA
I can't hear Michael. Where is he?

ARKIN
(choosing words)
He's...um...fine. After I get you out, I'll come back for him.

VICTORIA
And Hannah, you have to get Hannah.

ARKIN
Yeah, and Hannah.

Arkin's able to get Victoria's ankles free, moving to her wrists.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Um, when we leave this room, I'm going to hide you, but you have to keep your eyes on my back, okay?

Arkin nods to Victoria.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Okay?

Victoria weakly nods.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
If the man finds you missing, he'll come looking.
(after a gulp)
And I might have to fight him.

Arkin gets the first wrist lock.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
You have to be quiet until then.

He moves to the other wrist lock.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I'll look for Hannah, but you have to help me with where she might be.

Arkin gets the second wrist lock. He helps Victoria to her feet.

VICTORIA
I-I-I don't know...maybe she did get out...I don't know.

ARKIN
Okay. Let's go.

140 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER 140

Arkin exits, his eyes drifting to Michael's carcass.

ARKIN
Keep your eyes on my back.

Victoria does as she's told. Her BARE FEET move along the cold cement floor.

ON CLOSE: A CENTIPEDE skitters across the floor. Victoria's barefoot STEPS ON IT AND--

She flinches, her eyes shifting to MICHAEL'S SLAUGHTERED CORPSE.

VICTORIA
OH MY GOD...MICHAEL!!!

ARKIN
Quiet--

Victoria jumps back HYSTERICALLY, pulling from Arkin's grasp and dashing for the STAIRS.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
No...

She leaps over the BROKEN STAIRCASE, bolting for the top door as it SWINGS OPEN.

THE MAN leaps in front of her, PUSHING her back DOWN THE STAIRS.

Victoria TUMBLES DOWN, her head hitting the basement cement floor with a THUD. Arkin jumps back into a doorway, hiding in the SHADOWS.

Victoria's MOTIONLESS.

Arkin eyes shift, looking for a weapon. There's nothing. The Man slowly DESCENDS THE STAIRS.

If Arkin is going to attack, it has to be NOW. But he doesn't. The Man is about to grab Victoria, but he turns.

The Man looks RIGHT TOWARDS ARKIN.

Arkin holds by the wall. Frozen.

The Man steps towards Arkin. Arkin TIGHTENS his fist. He's going to have to fight. Right now.

But right as The Man moves close, he turns, plucking something from the wall.

He holds a SPIDER. The Man looks at the spider closely. Then, he gently places it back on a COBWEB.

The Man turns and grabs Victoria's leg, DRAGGING her back into her room.

Victoria suddenly LURCHES. She's still alive.

Victoria lets out a weak scream, CLAWING at the floor with her fingernails.

CLOSE ON: Victoria's fingernails SNAP BACK as she's yanked into the room.

WHAM! The door's SLAMMED SHUT.

141 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 141

Arkin enters the kitchen, closing the basement door behind him. He takes a panicked breath. His eyes rise to the SECOND FLOOR.

142 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 142

Arkin kneels, pulling his bag from the closet. He pulls out a SCREWDRIVER, his eyes shifting to the CRACK in the window.

Then, VICTORIA'S SCREAMS echo through the vent, grabbing his attention. She's alive. He has to help her.

Arkin grips the screwdriver and moves for the hallway-- but he stops himself.

ARKIN
I told you to stay with me, goddamn it! Why didn't you listen to me!?

His eyes turn to the window. This is his chance. He has to get out now. He has to go for it.

143 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 143

CLOSE ON: Victoria's screaming mouth is held into place. A THREADED NEEDLE comes into frame, moving towards Victoria's UPPER LIP--

144 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 144

Arkin moves to the window, ignoring his SCREAMING CONSCIENCE.

ARKIN
Fuck!

Arkin JAMS the screwdriver underneath the wood plank and LIFTING IT UP out of the frame.

He can get the wood plank loose.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Yes, you sonuvabitch--

145 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 145

CLOSE ON: Victoria's screams are MUFFLED as The Man SEWS her lips together.

146 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 146

Arkin fights his urge to help, his eyes fluttering with each MUFFLED SCREAM.

ARKIN
Goddamn it--

Then, there's a CAR HORN from outside. Arkin freezes. Looks out the crack--

147 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS 147

A SPORTS CAR sits out front. TWO PEOPLE frantically make out inside, accidentally hitting the horn.

148 INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS 148

It's JILL and her boyfriend **CHAD** (20s). He's a tad bit older, and he's all hands. They hit the HORN again.

JILL
Easy, you're gonna wake the neighbors.

CHAD
What neighbors?

Chad smirks confidently, kisses her again. But she slides away, exiting the car.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Hey...

149 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 149

Arkin sees Jill exit. Chad is right behind her. Arkin has to do something. Fast.

ARKIN
Shit.

Arkin grabs a BEDSIDE LAMP. Rips off the shade. Busts the bulb under his armpit.

Arkin puts the skinny part of the lamp through the crack. And when Victoria SCREAMS--

Arkin hits the end of the lamp, BREAKING THE WINDOW.

150 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS 150

The lamp end thrusts out of the second floor window.

151 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 151

Arkin waits for Victoria to SCREAM AGAIN and--

ARKIN
Jill, stop!

152 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS 152

Jill bounds up the front stairs, Chad right on her tail. She reaches for the DOOR HANDLE.

153 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER 153

The door handle turns, pulling the wire, making the chandelier SHAKE.

154 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS 154

Chad spins around Jill, kissing her deeply, pushing her back up against the door.

155 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 155

Arkin SCREAMS louder.

ARKIN
Jill! Get away!

Then, THE BASEMENT DOOR OPENS.

156 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 156

The Man steps out of the basement, moving to the FRONT DOOR.

157 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS 157

Jill spins, but Chad still goes at it, grabbing and kissing her from behind.

CHAD
Come on, let's do it right here.

JILL
I am *not* doing it on my front porch.

Jill's keys don't work.

JILL (CONT'D)
Damn it.

CHAD
What?

JILL
I think my mom switched the locks on me.

158 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS **158**

The Man stands with KNIFE in hand. He's tracking his prey. Listening.

159 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS **159**

Jill moves from the porch.

CHAD
You sure they're not here?

JILL
Positive.

160 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS **160**

Arkin sees Jill exit. He has to scream, even if it means letting The Man know he's there.

ARKIN
Jill!!!

But right as he does--

161 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS **161**

THUNDER ROLLS, covering up Arkin's screaming. Jill and Chad move to the BACK DOOR.

162 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS **162**

Arkin cringes, knowing that they didn't hear him.

163 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS **163**

The Man quickly UNLOCKS all of the back door locks and then backs down the basement stairs.

164 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS **164**

Jill and Chad run to the back porch. The dog obediently sits in the shadows, watching them.

165 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS **165**

Arkin grips the SCREWDRIVER. He grits his teeth and moves to exit the master bedroom when-- MR. WHARTON starts BANGING AROUND in the closet.

166 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS **166**

The back door swings open. Jill enters, holding her keys.

JILL
Definitely not typical.

Chad grabs her from behind.

CHAD
Who cares.

He lays into her, pushing her up against the door, kissing her neck and yanking up her skirt.

167 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS **167**

Arkin whispers into the closet.

ARKIN
If you don't shut the fuck up, I'll leave you in this crate!

Arkin closes the door and bolts from the room.

168 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS **168**

Chad's passionately kissing her, grinding her up against the door. He RIPS open her blouse, exposing her NAKED BREASTS.

Jill giggles, and pulls away, moving across the kitchen.

CHAD
Where'd you think you're going?

Chad grabs her foot, causing her to slip and fall to the floor. He's right on top of her, covering her up, touching and kissing her breasts.

CHAD (CONT'D)
You want it rough, huh?

Jill rolls onto the top, pressing down his arms.

JILL
Do you?

CLOSE ON: Chad and Jill's hands are inches from the TRIP WIRE on the machete spring trap near the entrance to the dining room.

169 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 169

Arkin eases down the stairs. His eyes wide, looking out for The Man.

170 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 170

Chad spins them again, standing and pulling up Jill from the floor. He places her on the counter.

CHAD
Not rough enough?

They both giggle as Chad moves deeper between her legs.

CLOSE ON: Chad's shoe slides out, grazing the TRIP WIRE on the machete spring trap.

171 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 171

Arkin moves further down the stairs, his eyes darting around looking for danger.

172 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 172

Chad and Jill go at it. They're having sex.

JILL
Come on, baby...come on, baby...

CLOSE ON: Chad's shoe moves with every thrust, pushing the trip wire even more. The machete SHAKES, ready to spring.

173 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 173

Arkin gets to the bottom, looking around the corner. He spots Chad and Jill.

Arkin's eyes drop, seeing Chad's shoe on the trip wire and the machete about to spring. But right as Arkin moves towards them--

174 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 174

Jill screams.

JILL
Look out!!!

CHAD
What!?

Chad spins, seeing The Man standing behind him with BLADE in hand. Chad instinctually goes at him, swinging a fist--

The Man avoids the strike, raising the blade and-- SPLAT! Chad's FIST hits the blade DEAD ON.

CHAD (CONT'D)
OH SHIT!! OH SHIT!!! OH FUCK!!!

The Man puts a boot to Chad's stomach, pushing Chad back against Jill and pulling the blade from Chad's fist.

Jill tries to slide from behind Chad, but--

CLOSE ON: Jill's foot hits the TRIP WIRE--

THWACK! The MACHETE swings around, slamming into Chad's chest.

JILL
Aah!!!

The Man grabs Jill by the hair, throwing her to the floor.

175 INT. COUNTRY HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 175

Arkin dives under the dining room table.

CLOSE ON: The RUBY squirts from Arkin's pant pocket...but Arkin CATCHES IT right before it hits the ground.

Arkin shoves the ruby back into his pocket.

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: From the kitchen floor, Chad makes eye contact with Arkin. Chad reaches out for Arkin when he's YANKED from the floor--

The Man carries Chad by the shirt collar from the kitchen, through the dining room, and into the living room--

176 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 176

Chad's thrown onto several BEAR TRAPS, the metal jaws slamming shut and ripping into Chad's convulsing body. Instant DEATH.

The Man turns back towards the kitchen.

177 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 177

Jill stumbles to her feet and moves to the back door, but The Man's right behind her, causing her to SCREAM.

178 INT. COUNTRY HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS **178**

Arkin bolts out from under the table, shooting up the first floor stairs.

179 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS **179**

The Man pushes Jill up against the door with one outstretched hand, the KNIFE in the other.

JILL
No...please...no...

CLOSE ON: Jill's hand slides into her POCKET, touching her CELL PHONE.

The Man runs the knife across her pretty face.

JILL (CONT'D)
God...please stop....stop...

CLOSE ON: Jill's fingertips try to blindly DIAL 911 and hits SEND.

OPERATOR
(muted, from phone)
911, how can I help you--

The OPERATOR's voice cuts out as The Man THROWS HER to the floor, causing her to pull her hand from her pocket.

180 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS **180**

Arkin enters the room. He goes straight for the WOOD PLANKS with screwdriver out.

Using Jill's SCREAMS as a cover, Arkin yanks out the FIRST PLANK. Arkin's eyes drop, looking to the plank.

CLOSE ON: The ends of the plank have been masterfully rigged with RETRACTABLE NAILS for split-second mounting.

Arkin pries out the SECOND PLANK.

Arkin shoves the two planks under the bed and then moves to an ALARM CLOCK on the bedside table.

181 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS **181**

CLOSE ON: BARBED-WIRE is wrapped around JILL'S WRISTS. Her NECK.

Jill's YANKED UP, the barbed-wire pulled over the STAIR BANISTER.

JILL
God, no...

Her neck OOZES BLOOD, sliding down onto her exposed chest. The Man backs away, as if thinking of what to do.

JILL (CONT'D)
Please...stop...stop...

The Man moves to her again when-- BEEP-BEEP-BEEP! There's a NOISE from upstairs. The Man's head whips up.

182 INT. COUNTRY HOME - JILL'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 182

The Man moves down the hallway to the master bedroom.

Arkin sneaks out of Jill's bedroom, having been standing on the MAGAZINES. He creeps down the stairs.

183 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - MOMENTS LATER 183

Arkin comes to Jill. She's near hysterics. Arkin pulls out his NEEDLE-NOSE PLIERS, cutting the barbed-wire noose.

ARKIN
Jill, do not make a sound. I have a way out of here.

Jill's eyes widen, freaked.

184 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 184

The Man's finger flicks off the beeping alarm clock. He suspiciously looks around the room.

As we notice, the curtains are pulled shut.

185 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS 185

Arkin cuts Jill's wrists free. She looks Arkin up and down, her eyes strained.

ARKIN
We have to get upstairs.

She sees Arkin's BLOODY HANDS. She backs up, suddenly not trusting Arkin.

JILL
Where's my family?! What's going on here?!

ARKIN
You have to be quiet--

Jill bolts for the living room--

186 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 186

Arkin chases her into the living room.

ARKIN
Jill! Stop--

Jill frantically looks for something to protect herself with. She sees the KNIFE ON THE TABLE.

Jill grabs the knife, PULLING IT--

A loop of steel wire TIGHTENS around her WRIST.

A COUNTER WEIGHT falls from the far ceiling.

And Jill is YANKED THROUGH THE AIR and across the room, ramming face-first into the BLANKET OF NAILS on the wall.

The inertia of the dropping weight hits the home entertainment system. The TV flickers on.

187 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER 187

The Man eases down the stairs with blade out. He looks left to right and then moves into the living room.

The blue light from the TV illuminates the hallway.

Arkin emerges from the dining room and heads up the stairs.

188 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 188

The Man steps into the living room, looking to the TV.

ON TV: It's the family video. Michael, Victoria, Jill and Hannah are seen in happier times.

The Man steps to the wall. Jill is stuck. Twitching. Blood slides down. She's DEAD.

The Man turns, flicking off the TV. His eyes penetrate the darkness. Now more suspicious than ever.

189 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 189

Arkin pulls out Mr. Wharton from the trunk.

ARKIN
Come on...

But Mr. Wharton is STUCK. His legs are bound to the crate by HEAVY CHAINS. Arkin pulls.

MR. WHARTON
Help me...help me...

Arkin can't get him out. No way. THERE'S NOISE FROM DOWNSTAIRS. Arkin has to go now if he's getting out.

ARKIN
I'm sorry...I'm sorry...

Arkin moves for the window.

MR. WHARTON
No...no...NO!!!

Arkin climbs out the window, closing the curtains after him.

190 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - MOMENTS LATER 190

Arkin climbs down the tree Jill climbed up earlier. He drops like an anvil into the SOAKING EARTH.

Arkin slaps his side, gripping the RUBY before it falls. Without even looking back, Arkin runs.

He's across the yard, cutting a SWATH through the milky FOG. SOUNDS DRIFT AWAY. Arkin's BREATHING is the sound.

Arkin CHURNS his arm. He's so close to the woods. Freedom. NOW COMPLETE SILENCE.

Arkin slows. Inexplicably. **Why the hell is he slowing down!?**

His head turns back towards the house.

Then, Arkin slides to a standstill. He HEARS something. Something horrible.

Arkin looks to the house...and his life becomes secondary.

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: In a second floor PORTAL WINDOW, HANNAH stares out with her crying mouth wide open. SHE'S SCREAMING FOR HIM.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP! It's Arkin's WATCH.

CLOSE ON: The watch blinks 11:30 PM.

Arkin's eyes strain, looking to the ruby in his other hand.

Hannah SCREAMS again. TIME TICKS AWAY - TICK-TICK-TICK!

Arkin's head whips back towards the home.

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: Hannah moves from the window. And through another PORTAL WINDOW, Arkin can see the FIRST FLOOR

STAIRS. THE MAN moves up them. Blade in hand. TOWARDS HANNAH.

Arkin stuffs the ruby in his pocket and takes off back TOWARDS THE HOME. Lightning STRIKES in the distance.

ALL SOUND RUSHES BACK IN.

191 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - MOMENTS LATER 191

Arkin tears across the yard back to the home. He leaps through the air, grabbing hold of the tree and climbing.

192 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 192

Hannah exits her room and dashes for the master bedroom. The Man's right behind her.

193 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS 193

Arkin climbs the tree, but a branch BREAKS, causing him to FALL. His hand shoots out, grabbing the roof. Arkin swings by one hand.

A SCREAM takes us back to--

194 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 194

Mr. Wharton SCREAMS to Hannah.

MR. WHARTON
Run, little girl...run...

Scared as hell, Hannah backs up against the bed. The Man enters the room. Both Hannah and Mr. Wharton look to him.

MR. WHARTON (CONT'D)
Stay away!!!

The Man steps forward, KICKING Mr. Wharton back into the trunk, causing it to fall back and the lid to SLAM SHUT.

195 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS 195

Arkin pulls himself up onto the lip of the roof. Hannah's SCREAM causes him to look to the window.

196 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 196

The Man moves to Hannah. She's on the bed, backing away. The Man LUNGES for her, but she's too fast, sliding back under the bed.

The Man comes down behind Hannah. He reaches. SNAGGING A FOOT. But Hannah kicks, sliding out of her slippers.

Hannah slides out from under the bed and dashes for the hallway. The Man goes the other way through the master bathroom.

Right as The Man exits the room, Arkin pushes through the curtains.

197 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 197

Hannah looks back for the pursuing Man, but he's not there. She moves to the first floor stairs when--

The Man steps out from Jill's bedroom, blocking her path.

198 INT. COUNTRY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 198

Arkin flops down onto the floor. His eyes shoot up.

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: Hannah is backed against a hallway wall. The Man moves for her with hands outstretched.

199 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 199

Hannah backs against the wall.

HANNAH
Help!!!

The Man lunges forward to grab her when-- WHACK! Arkin HAMMERS The Man over the head with Michael's HANDGUN, causing The Man to crumble to the floor.

Arkin raises the handgun again to strike-- but The Man rolls, pulling out a BLADE.

The Man slices, nearly catching Arkin's leg. Arkin throws the handgun, causing The Man to cover up.

Arkin scoops up Hannah, pulling her back into her room.

200 INT. COUNTRY HOME - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 200

Arkin sets her down, locking the door.

HANNAH
Mr. Arkin--

ARKIN
Where the hell were you!?

Hannah, tears streaking her face, shyly points to the cracked piece of wall. The CAVE drawing.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
(reflectively)
Of course...mermaids sleep in caves.

WHAM-WHAM-WHAM! The Man begins ramming into the door. It's not going to hold long. Hannah grabs Arkin's leg.

HANNAH
Don't let the bad man get in, Mr. Arkin.

LAUGHTER BELLOWS IN THE ROOM. Arkin whips around, seeing the HUMAN-SIZED DOLL. It's laughing, as if mocking them. Arkin kicks the doll onto its side.

WHAM-WHAM-WHAM! The Man's getting in soon.

Arkin backs up, touching Hannah's bed. It sinks in, revealing itself as a WATERBED.

ARKIN
And a waterbed to boot.

Hannah weakly nods. Arkin's eyes shift around the room. He has a plan.

201 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 201

The Man hears GLASS BREAKING and things being MOVED AROUND.

He rams his shoulder into the door with renewed vigor. Then, there's a WHITE GLOW FROM UNDER THE DOOR.

202 INT. COUNTRY HOME - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 202

The LIGHTS are on. But the glass on the bulbs are broken. The FILAMENT IS EXPOSED.

Arkin holds a PINK LAMP. Hannah is off the floor on furniture. The bed frame for the water bed is ripped off.

Arkin stands over the WATER BED MATTRESS with the SCREWDRIVER.

ARKIN
Stay off the floor, and do not touch the water.

WHAM-WHAM-WHAM! Arkin watches the door. Waiting for it to fly open so he can cut the bed and ELECTRIFY THE WATER.

The Man keeps on ramming away. Then--

IN SLOW MOTION: WHAM! The door swings open.

Arkin cuts the water bed mattress. Water SPILLS OUT. Arkin jams the exposed filament into the water.

It's not The Man in the doorway. IT'S MR. WHARTON. And he's tossed into the water.

MR. WHARTON
AAHHH!!!

ZAP! He's shocked to death. Flopping in the water. The surge SHORTS THE LIGHTS.

AT REGULAR SPEED: Black again. Just the lights from outside. And the occasional LIGHTNING FLASH.

The Man LEAPS into the room, LANDING on Mr. Wharton's back. The Man pulls TWO SLEEK KNIVES.

HANNAH
Aah!!!

Arkin moves for Hannah, pulling her from the furniture right as The Man THROWS-- WHACK! A knife just misses, sinking into the wall. Arkin rolls, carrying Hannah into--

203 INT. COUNTRY HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 203

As Arkin steps in, he hears a JINGLE. Heard it before. In the dining room. THE MACHETE ON SPRING TRAP! Arkin falls backwards as--

THE MACHETE SWINGS...JUST MISSING HIS FACE-- THWACK! The machete BURIES itself into the wall.

ARKIN
Ugh...

Arkin flops onto his back. The Man has the other KNIFE IN THROWING HAND--

Arkin moves his face right as a knife buries into the floor. Arkin SWINGS CLOSED THE DOOR.

Locks the door. Locks the hallway door. Hannah backs up, CRYING HYSTERICALLY. Arkin's eyes shift around the room.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Hannah, don't move! Do not move!

204 INT. COUNTRY HOME - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 204

The Man moves to the far wall, pulling out his knife.

205 INT. COUNTRY HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 205

Arkin cases the room. It's a SMALL GUEST BEDROOM. Lone bed. Two heavy BOOKCASES WITHOUT BOOKS.

The bookcases LEAN FORWARD at an angle. Ready to TUMBLE OVER. SHARP METAL SKEWERS stick out from the bookshelves.

Arkin's eyes shift around the room, looking for the TRIP WIRE on the traps. Arkin looks to Hannah. A few strands of her hair HANG IN THE AIR.

ARKIN
Just stay still, Hannah.

Arkin leans into Hannah, seeing a STEEL WIRE inches from her head. It's attached to a SUPPORT BEAM at the base of a bookcase. Trip the steel wire, down comes the bookcase and skewers.

But where's the second trip wire?

Arkin turns his head...nearly hitting the SECOND TRIP WIRE.

206 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 206

The Man stands outside the guest bedroom. He puts and ear to the door. Listening.

207 INT. COUNTRY HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 207

Arkin freezes. His nose against the trip wire. He pulls out his WIRE CUTTERS. Arkin snips the steel wire.

Hannah whimpers, pressing on the wire next to her head.

ARKIN
Don't move!

Arkin clips the wire just in time. He lets out a deep breath when-- WHAM-WHAM-WHAM! The Man begins pounding on the door. Hannah jumps, letting out a BURST OF CRIES.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
We're getting out of here!

Arkin grabs a GRADE SCHOOL SPORTS TROPHY from a bookcase and whacks one of the wood planks covering the window.

208 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 208

The Man RAMS his shoulder into the door over and over.

209 INT. COUNTRY HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 209

Arkin's able to CRACK OFF one of the wood planks.

ARKIN
Yes!

Arkin grabs the wood plank, using all his might to RIP IT OFF from the window frame. WHAM-WHAM-WHAM! The Man rams away at the door.

HANNAH
He's coming!!! He's coming!!!

ARKIN
Come on!

Arkin grabs Hannah, trying to fit her through the window. But she's too big.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Damn it!

Arkin sets her down, trying to take off another plank.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Grab the linen, tie it around your waist!

Hannah moves to the bed, pulling off the sheets. Arkin tugs at the wood plank. Then, THE DOOR FLIES OPEN.

IN SLOW MOTION: The Man steps into the room.

He raises a knife to THROW AT HANNAH--

Arkin rips off the WOOD PLANK, swinging it in one quick motion and HITTING THE KNIFE OUT OF THE AIR.

AT REGULAR SPEED: Arkin swings the plank again, SLICING The Man across the face with the RETRACTABLE NAIL.

The Man stumbles back, covering up. Arkin grabs Hannah and jumps out of the room to the HALLWAY.

210 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 210

Arkin's going for the MASTER BEDROOM WINDOW. But he looks back over his shoulder seeing--

The Man with KNIFE RAISED-- Arkin ducks into the SMALL BATHROOM right as a knife buries into the wall.

211 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SMALL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 211

Arkin locks the door to the tiny bathroom. No windows. HUNDREDS of FISHHOOKS on fishing lines hang from the ceiling. They JINGLE as they sway.

Arkin ducks, but one hook SNAGS his elbow.

ARKIN
Aah!

The Man RAMS into the door. Arkin grits his teeth as he pulls the hook out of his elbow. BLOOD seeps from the wound.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Goddamn it...

The Man RAMS into the door again. It's flimsy. Arkin stays under the hooks, looking for a way out. There is none.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I-I-I don't know...

HANNAH
(pointing)
There.

Arkin's eyes turn to the LAUNDRY SHOOT.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
It goes to the basement.

The laundry shoot is big. She can fit. But he's going to be tight. It's their only hope.

ARKIN
Okay.

Arkin hoists her up, dropping her into the shoot.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
When you land, move away, 'cause I'll be coming down right behind you.

Hannah nods, sliding into the laundry shoot.

212 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LAUNDRY SHOOT - CONTINUOUS 212

Hannah is DROPPED DOWN.

213 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 213

Hannah lands in a HAMPER, knocking it over. She moves away, looking up for Arkin.

214 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SMALL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 214

Arkin prepares to slide into the laundry shoot. But The Man pounds away at the door.

Arkin has a leg in. Then the other leg. He slides the rest of his body in when--

WHAM! The door flies open and The Man grabs him by the neck, YANKING HIM OUT OF THE LAUNDRY SHOOT.

Arkin is rammed FACE-FIRST into the floor. He tries to fight, but The Man's too strong. The Man's HEAVY FISTS SMASH into Arkin's face over and over.

Arkin sticks up his hands, PULLING UP THE MAN'S MASK.

Arkin gets a face to face look at The Man. His eyes WIDEN. Horrified. Shocked.

And then-- WHAM! The Man brings down a vicious fist, PUTTING ARKIN TO SLEEP. Arkin's eyes roll back, his face covered in blood.

The Man rises, looking to the OPEN LAUNDRY SHOOT. He readjusts his mask, covering his face once again.

215 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 215

Hannah waits. It's totally silent now. She eases forward, looking up the laundry shoot.

HANNAH'S P.O.V.: Hannah looks up and The Man looks STRAIGHT DOWN AT HER.

Hannah jumps back, scared as hell. She retreats to a corner, the DARKNESS SURROUNDING HER.

216 INT. COUNTRY HOME - SMALL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 216

The Man lifts up Arkin's LIMP BODY by his shirt, dragging him from the bathroom.

FADE TO BLACK:††

OVER DARKNESS: The sound of METAL HOOKS JINGLING creeps in. HEAVY BREATHING rises. Some GAGGING. A panicked MOAN--

FADE INTO:

217 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT 217

CLOSE ON: Arkin's eyes pop open. They dart from left to right.

Pull back to reveal Arkin UPSIDE DOWN. He's hanging on a DRAPE OF FISH HOOKS. Each little hook digs into his back.

Arkin's ANKLES ARE SHACKLED to the ceiling with LOCKS just as Michael was. Arkin's HANDS ARE HANDCUFFED. TWO LEATHER STRAPS hold his HEAD in place.

The second Arkin tries to move, he WINCES TERRIBLY, letting out a BREATHY MOAN.

Across the floor, Arkin's possessions sit. Including the RUBY.

Then, THE SINISTER MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY. Not as loud as with Michael, but loud enough to get Arkin's attention.

THUD! Arkin's BLACK BAG hits the floor, having been tossed from the darkness.

Then, The Man emerges. He kneels by the bag and pulls out a HAMMER and CHISEL. The Man steps towards Arkin.

He kneels, TAPPING the blunt chisel with the hammer on the CEMENT FLOOR.

ARKIN
You're not going to find her.

The Man looks to Arkin. Holds a second, as if smiling.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Let her go...you have me...just let her go...

The Man pulls another LEATHER STRAP, putting it into Arkin's mouth, forcing his MOUTH OPEN.

Arkin closes his eyes, shaking his head DEFIANTLY. The Man raises the chisel, moving it towards Arkin's MOUTH.

CLOSE ON: The CHISEL SCRAPES along Arkin's teeth. It comes to a stop against Arkin's FRONT TOOTH.

The Man looks up to Arkin. Arkin's GAGS, nearly crying. He holds his breath, expecting the pain to come.

CLOSE ON: The hammer WHACKS the chisel, KNOCKING OUT Arkin's front tooth.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
AAHHHH!!!

Arkin's yell is PRIMAL. The WORST PAIN he's ever felt.

The Man picks up Arkin's FALLEN TOOTH, proudly displaying it to him. Then, Arkin's eyes shift, seeing Hannah through a CRACKED DOOR.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Stay away...stay away...

The Man's head WHIPS AROUND, but Hannah's not there anymore. Still, The Man stands, moving in that direction.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Hey! That all you got!?

The Man turns for a second. But he turns again, looking for Hannah.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Fucking bitch! That all you got,
you fucking faggot bitch!?

The Man turns again. He holds a second. And despite the blood and saliva flowing down his mangled face, Arkin begins LAUGHING.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Fucking bitch...

The Man moves and grabs a JAR from an upper ledge.

The Man steps back to Arkin, kneeling by his side. He reveals the jar. It's filled with DOZENS OF COCKROACHES.

The Man then holds up a LIGHTER.

He sets down the jar and picks up his BLADE, slicing Arkin across the STOMACH.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
AAHHHH!!!

The Man twists off the jar lid.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
No...no...no...

Arkin writhes. His eyes dart over The Man's shoulder to Hannah peeking out her head.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Stay away! Stay away!! STAY AWAY!!!

The Man puts the open end of the jar against Arkin's bleeding stomach wound. He lights the opposite end. The cockroaches go MAD.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
AAHHHH!!!

The cockroaches BURROW INTO ARKIN'S WOUND, trying to get away from the fire. Arkin tries to shake his body.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
AAHHHH!!!

Nothing doing. The Man pushes the jar hard against his stomach. The cockroaches dig deeper and deeper. Blood spurts.

The pain is too much. Arkin's going to pass out when-- DING-DONG! It's the doorbell. The Man's head WHIPS UP.

218 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - REAR DOOR - CONTINUOUS 218

The DEPUTY SHERIFF from earlier stands at the rear door. His radio SQUAWKS. He has his FLASHLIGHT out and it shines in the small portal window.

DEPUTY SHERIFF'S P.O.V.: The kitchen is a mess from the fighting.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
(into shoulder radio)
Dispatch, this is Unit 316. No response, but there appears to be a disturbance--

He stops as his eyes tighten.

219 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 219

The Man lowers the jar. The cockroaches scurry over Arkin's body, getting away. Arkin lets out a breathy MOAN OF RELIEF.

220 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - REAR DOOR - CONTINUOUS 220

The Deputy Sheriff leans closer to the window.

DEPUTY SHERIFF'S P.O.V.: The flashlight bounces off the HALLWAY MIRROR, just highlighting a LEG. CHAD'S LEG.

DISPATCHER
(through radio)
This is Dispatch, come again, copy.

The Deputy Sheriff turns, suddenly spooked.

221 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS 221

He bounds down the back stairs, pulling his HANDGUN.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
(into shoulder radio)
Dispatch, this is Unit 316, requesting immediate backup and ambulance support.

The Deputy Sheriff moves around the side of the house, looking for anything.

222 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 222

Arkin tries to regain his bearings. He has to do something. He takes a deep breath, shaking the remaining cockroaches from his body.

Arkin's able to reach back with his HANDCUFFED HANDS and pluck free one of the FISHHOOKS from the net of fishhooks.

223 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS 223

The Deputy Sheriff moves to a basement window.

DISPATCHER
(through radio)
Unit 316, please repeat.

WHAM! The BACK DOOR slams open. The Deputy Sheriff jumps, his handgun turning towards the noise.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)
(through radio)
Unit 316, please--

CLICK! The Deputy Sheriff TURNS OFF his radio, not wanting to be heard.

With handgun raised, the Deputy Sheriff waits for someone to come around the house. But no one does.

The Deputy Sheriff turns and hustles around to the other side of the house.

224 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 224

Using the FISHHOOK, Arkin is able to use it as a PICK and OPEN THE HANDCUFFS. But he's still UPSIDE DOWN.

He unstraps the LEATHER STRAPS around his head. And then, Arkin does a SIT UP, reaching for his FEET.

The fish hooks SNAP FREE, yanking out CHUNKS OF FLESH in the process. Arkin GASPS. He falls back down, the pain being too much. BLOOD FLOWS from his many wounds.

But his hands are free. His head is free. And the fishhooks are out of his back.

225 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS 225

The Deputy Sheriff comes around the house, reentering the backyard from the other side.

Then, something CATCHES HIS EYE. Something SHINY. It's The Man holding a BLADE. But The Man doesn't see the Deputy Sheriff.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
Freeze! Do not move!

The Man turns, seeing the Deputy Sheriff. The handgun is on him. And all he has is the blade.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Drop your weapon!

The Man complies, dropping the blade.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Raise your hands! Raise 'em up!!!

The Man puts up his hands. The Deputy Sheriff moves in, turning his RADIO back on.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)
This is Unit 316--

RAHHH! The DOG lands on the Deputy Sheriff, causing his handgun to discharge--BLAM!

226 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 226

Arkin uses ALL HIS STRENGTH, doing a SIT UP and using the plucked fishhook to FREE HIS SHACKLED FEET.

He DROPS to the floor with the THUD. FREE.

227 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS 227

SCREAMS fill the air as the dog MAULS the Deputy Sheriff, going after his throat.

ONE WHISTLE from The Man makes his dog RELENT.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
Oh god...oh god...no...no...

BLOOD covers the Deputy Sheriff's chest and face.

The Man holds the blade, causing the Deputy Sheriff to flip on over to his stomach and try to squirm away.

The Man stows the blade, stepping towards the Deputy Sheriff. He puts a foot on the Deputy Sheriff's back, stopping him.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)
No...stop...stop...

The Man grips the Deputy Sheriff's head. He TWISTS it. Not fast. Not hard. SLOWLY. And almost gently.

The Deputy Sheriff SCREAMS, trying to fight. But The Man holds on tight.

And he twists the Deputy Sheriff's head further and further until the Deputy Sheriff lets out a FINAL SCREAM and-- SNAP! His neck breaks.

The Man steps back, looking to the Deputy Sheriff's body as it twitches ever so slightly.

228 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 228

Arkin moves, scooping up the RUBY and pocketing it. Arkin looks up the stairs to the OPEN DOOR. He could go. He could make a break for it. **But he's there for more.**

ARKIN
(turning)
Hannah!? It's okay! Come out now!

Arkin looks around.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Hannah!?

Arkin moves to one of the basement room where Victoria was held, pushing open the door--

229 INT. SHERIFF DEPUTY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 229

The Man leans into the car, turning off the radio and grabbing the MOUNTED SHOTGUN.

230 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 230

Arkin sees Victoria in the BATHTUB, now filled with a YELLOWISH LIQUID. She's dead. Her mouth sown shut.

Victoria's HAND is nailed to the wall, holding a TAPE RECORDER. She's in the same position as GENA WHARTON from the OPENING.

Arkin gags, backing against the wall.

Cartons and bottles of HOUSEHOLD CLEANING CHEMICALS line the floor. Arkin kicks a GASOLINE JUG. It's EMPTY. They all are. The contents of the bathtub.

Arkin tries to make sense of the trap.

His eyes rise to the DOOR. A FLARE is in place, but it's not completely raised to the MOUNT.

ARKIN
Oh my god--

HANNAH (O.S.)
Mr. Arkin?

Arkin's eyes shift to Hannah. She's standing in the doorway. Her DEAD MOTHER in the bathtub.

Arkin quickly scoops her up and takes her from the room BEFORE she can see her mother.

ARKIN
We're getting out of here!

231 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - REAR DOOR - CONTINUOUS 231

The Man stomps up the stairs to the rear door gripping the DOG'S leash in one hand and the shotgun in the other.

He KICKS CLOSED the door behind him.

232 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 232

Arkin FRANTICALLY WORKS. He wraps a BED SHEET around Hannah's waist.

It's attached to several other bed sheets. Including one that's attached to ARKIN'S LEG.

HANNAH
The door's open.

Hannah worriedly looks to the laundry room door.

ARKIN
It's supposed to be.

Arkin wraps the bed sheet tight.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Now stay right here.

Arkin rises, moving to the LAUNDRY SHOOT. And he begins CLIMBING.

233 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS **233**

The Man shoves the DOG down into the basement. He pulls a CANISTER from his hip and tosses it into the basement behind the dog.

The canister spews a THICK FOG, filling the basement.

The Man stands at the top of the basement stairs, shotgun in hand waiting for anything to come up the stairs.

234 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS **234**

Arkin slides out of the laundry shoot and onto the floor. Tries to be as quiet as possible.

He turns, PULLING the sheet to bring up Hannah.

235 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS **235**

The sheet around Hannah's waist tightens. She's pulled towards the laundry shoot.

BUT THE DOG GAINS HER ATTENTION.

236 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS **236**

The slobbering DOG bounds through the basement. It smells the blood, saliva dripping from its mouth.

It frantically moves. Searching.

237 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS **237**

Arkin HEAVES with all his might.

238 INT. COUNTRY HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS **238**

Hannah raises a bit. But here comes the DOG. Hannah SCREAMS--

239 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS **239**

FROM DOG'S P.O.V.: The dog charges through the basement, barging into the laundry room.

Hannah's hoisted off the floor.

The dog charges, jumping through the air to STRIKE-- SNAP! Its teeth CLOMP DOWN right as Hannah is yanked up into the laundry shoot.

240 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS **240**

The Man stays on the basement stairs. He hears the frenetic movement.

Then, the dog comes to the stairs, running back up.

241 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 241

Hannah is pulled out of the laundry shoot.

Arkin knocks over the TRASH CAN. Pulls the PACK OF CIGARETTES from his pocket. There's a BOOK OF MATCHES in the pack.

242 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 242

The dog bounds up the stairs. The Man turns, knowing that they got out.

He lets the dog go, knowing that it'll find them.

243 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 243

Arkin holds the trash can. Drops a LIT MATCH IN. Opens the bathroom door.

244 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 244

The dog charges out of the kitchen. Turns down the hallway. The Man moves to follow--

245 INT. COUNTRY HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 245

As the dog takes the corner, Arkin scoops it up into the BURNING TRASH CAN.

The dog YELPS a rusty cry.

And right as The Man takes the corner, Arkin dumps the BURNING DOG ONTO THE MAN'S FACE.

246 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 246

The Man falls back into the kitchen. Arkin's on him right away.

BLAM! The shotgun goes off, SPLATTERING THE DOG.

Arkin slams his FISTS into The Man, causing him to stumble back. The Man SLIPS on some blood, FALLING TO THE FLOOR and dropping the shotgun.

Arkin jumps on The Man's chest, pounding FIST after FIST into The Man's face.

The Man covers up, but Arkin GRABS THE MAN'S THROAT. The Man gasps, kicking out his legs.

A wild kick hits the shotgun, knocking it across the floor and back through the OPEN BASEMENT DOOR.

Arkin SQUEEZES The Man's throat with all his might.

ARKIN
Die motherfucker, die!!!

The Man takes a wild punch, knocking Arkin from on top of him.

The Man gags, rising to his feet, but Arkin CHARGES, pushing him back through the BASEMENT DOOR--

247 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 247

The Man tumbles DOWN THE STAIRS, crashing in a heap at the bottom.

Arkin stands at the top of the stairs. SLAMS CLOSED THE BASEMENT DOOR.

248 INT. COUNTRY HOME - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 248

Arkin scoops up Hannah and carries her to the front door.

ARKIN
Come on!

249 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER 249

The Man stirs, gagging on the smoke. He rises to his feet, gripping the SHOTGUN.

His hand dropping to his belt buckle. Feels for his keys. BUT THE KEYS ARE NOT THERE.

250 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS 250

Arkin has the KEYS. He kneels by the front door with Hannah trying to open all the locks.

Because his hands are fucked, Hannah has to help.

ARKIN
Okay, fast now!

251 INT. COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 251

FROM THE MAN'S P.O.V.: The Man climbs the foggy stairs, still woozy from the fall. He hoists the shotgun, BLASTING OUT the locked basement door.

252 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS 252

They're on the last lock. But Arkin looks to the last key. IT'S BEEN CUT.

His eyes turn back to the hallway.

253 INT. COUNTRY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS **253**

FROM THE MAN'S P.O.V.: The Man pushes through the mulched door. His head whips around, looking for them. Hears the NOISE in the front foyer, turns to the HALLWAY.

254 INT. COUNTRY HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS **254**

It's dark. LIGHTING pulsates. THUNDER rolls.

The Man moves down the hallway, SEEING ARKIN AND HANNAH RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM. He aims the shotgun and FIRES--

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! The HALLWAY MIRROR SHATTERS. It was only ARKIN AND HANNAH'S REFLECTION.

The blasts hit the DOOR LOCKS, destroying them.

And as The Man steps forward--

The CHANDELIER comes down, putting The Man to the floor.

Arkin DROPS THE KEYS. Grabs Hannah and pushes through the shredded front door--

255 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS (SLOW MOTION) **255**

Arkin bounds down the front porch with Hannah in his arms.

The HEAVY RAIN showers. A THICK FOG hangs over the saturated grass.

Not looking back, Arkin runs with all his might. He fights through his injures. Moving on pure adrenaline.

256 INT. COUNTRY HOME - FRONT FOYER - CONTINUOUS (SLOW MOTION) **256**

The Man rises, pushing the chandelier off of him with a heavy thrust. Blood flows down his punctured leg.

The shotgun is spent. So, he pulls a HUNTING KNIFE from his hip.

257 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS (SLOW MOTION) **257**

The Man steps out onto the front porch and dashes after the fleeing Arkin and Hannah.

258 EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS (SLOW MOTION) **258**

Arkin treks through the wet grass. He's trying his hardest, but The Man gains.

Hannah's able to see The Man. SCREAMING. Arkin digs deep. The veins popping out of his forehead. He fights on.

Then, in the distance, RED AND BLUE LIGHTS ARE SEEN. It's the CAVALRY.

259 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS (SLOW MOTION) 259

Several POLICE CARS, an AMBULANCE and several FIRE TRUCKS crest the horizon.

260 EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS (SLOW MOTION) 260

The Man sees it. And he sees Arkin bolting for them.

261 EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS (SLOW MOTION) 261

Arkin heads straight for the road, never looking back. His lungs burn. His body close to collapsing.

262 INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS (SLOW MOTION) 262

The SHERIFF leads the pack. His eyes stay on the road.

263 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS (SLOW MOTION) 263

Arkin sets down Hannah in the ditch and climbs the slope to the MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. He throws up his hands.

The Sheriff hits his brakes, but his tires skid on the dirt road and--

264 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS (REGULAR SPEED) 264

WHAM! The police cruiser SLAMS into Arkin, FLIPPING him over the car and sending him to the pavement with a sickening THUD.

All the emergency vehicles SCREECH TO A HALT. The MEN begin SPILLING from their cars. Their PANICKED VOICES drift in and out.

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: Arkin's head flops on the pavement. His eyes flutter. Drift to Hannah. Hannah lies in the brush fifteen yards back from the road. She's scared stiff.

ARKIN
Help her...help her...

SHERIFF (O.S.)
Get over here, help this guy.

The Sheriff kneels by Arkin, putting a caring hand to his chest.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Try not to move. Do you understand? Do not move.

ARKIN
The girl...get the girl...

SHERIFF
Two units! Secure the house and find Rob!

Arkin's eyes shift, looking back to Hannah. She's still motionless. His eyes dart around, looking for The Man.

But The Man is nowhere to be seen.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
What's your name, buddy?

ARKIN
What?

SHERIFF
What's your name? Do you work for the Chases?

ARKIN
Yes...yes...

TWO MEDICS come to Arkin with a GURNEY.

MEDIC #1
Relax, sir, we're here to help you.

The Sheriff moves away, WHISTLING to a YOUNG DEPUTY.

SHERIFF
(re: Arkin)
Stay with him.

The YOUNG DEPUTY turns to Arkin, staying close.

ARKIN
The girl...get the girl...

The two Medics roll Arkin onto the gurney. Arkin tries to fight, pointing his fractured arm towards Hannah.

MEDIC #1
Sir, you're going to have to relax.

Medic #1 puts down Arkin's arm.

ARKIN
No...get the girl...the girl...

YOUNG DEPUTY
Settle down, mister.

Arkin's head turns, seeing Hannah behind the brush. Her head slightly rises--

DEPUTY (O.S.)
(panicked)
We found Rob, sir.

The Sheriff turns, seeing a wide-eyed DEPUTY.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
He's dead. Someone tore him apart. Someone...just...I can't...

The Sheriff turns to Arkin. Arkin's BLOODY HANDS. His BLOODY BODY. GUILTY.

SHERIFF
You sonuvabitch.

ARKIN
No...no...it wasn't me...

SHERIFF
(to Young Deputy)
He doesn't move.

ARKIN
No, it was the guy...he did it all... he killed them...

The Sheriff quickly moves away.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Hey! No!

The Young Deputy tries to HANDCUFF both of Arkin's hands to the gurney.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
No! It wasn't me! There's a man! I saw his face! He's in there--

The Young Deputy puts an ELBOW to Arkin's throat, causing him to GAG.

DEPUTY
You will shut the fuck up!

Then, Arkin's HEAD BEGINS TO SWAY. The Deputy's voice begins to WARBLE.

MEDIC #1
Juuuust relax.

A SYRINGE from Medic #1 causes Arkin to CALM INSTANTLY.

All voices WARBLES. Arkin's vision STUTTERS.

The Young Deputy eases up. Arkin's arms are TIGHTLY HANDCUFFED to the gurney.

Arkin's suddenly hazy eyes shift to Hannah. Her head's up. And she's looking out at Arkin from behind the brush.

ARKIN
Ask the girl...she saw everything... I helped them...I tried to help them...look in the house...it's all in the house--

KA-BLOOM! There's a MASSIVE EXPLOSION from the house. An orange ball of flame fills the night sky.

All the emergency people flinch. The BRIGHT FLAMES light up Arkin's dazed face.

IN SLOW MOTION: A tragic BALLET OF CHAOS unfolds.

SHERIFF
Get up there! Get up there! Get up there!

Most of the emergency people, including the Young Deputy, move to the house to help their brethren.

Arkin's eyes shift to Hannah. She stares at the blaze.

CLOSE ON: BLACK BOOTS move through the trees, quickly trekking across the grass.

Arkin stares to Hannah. She finally turns to him. He motions, urging her to come to him.

CLOSE ON: BLACK BOOTS step through the trees and out onto the brush near the road.

Hannah rises to her feet. She parts through the brush and makes her way to the road.

A smile crosses Arkin's beaten face, but it drops when--

A DARK FIGURE APPEARS. And he moves out from the woods towards Hannah.

Arkin struggles with the handcuffs. His EYES BULGE, his mouth agape.

Arkin tries to fight as the gurney is raised and he's carted towards the ambulance.

ARKIN
No...he's right there...he's gonna take her...he's gonna take her...

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: Arkin's carted away as Hannah moves through the brush and onto the road when--

The Dark Figure envelopes Hannah, picking her up and stepping into the light--

ARKIN (CONT'D)
No!!!

AT REGULAR SPEED: The Dark Figure is NOT THE MAN. It's a POLICE OFFICER. And he looks to the medical people.

POLICE OFFICER
Medics! Get over here!

The horror quickly drops from Arkin's body as he watches Hannah carried over to the medics, a warm blanket enveloping her.

She keeps her eyes on him, still showing no emotion.

Arkin gasps, he saved her. Emotion rushes through his body. He saved her.

His head spins, but he doesn't see anything but the police and medical people.

THE MAN is gone.

The gurney is hoisted up into the BACK OF THE AMBULANCE.

Arkin's eyes stay on Hannah. She manages the weakest of waves. Arkin returns the gesture as the rear doors to the ambulance are shut.

265 INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS **265**

Arkin tilts his head back, closing his eyes. He gasps, letting out a deep, poignant breath.

266 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER **266**

The Sheriff stands by an ambulance. HE'S BEEN TALKING WITH HANNAH.

His head turns, glaring at the burning house. He then looks to the ambulance holding Arkin.

The Sheriff turns, moving to the ambulance.

267 INT. AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER 267

Arkin's strapped to the gurney. Medic #1 tends to Arkin's vitals, putting in an IV.

MEDIC #2 sits in the driver's seat barking into a radio.

MEDIC #2
(into radio)
Adult male approximately twenty-five years of age with severe lacerations to the face, chest, and abdomen. Fractured jaw. Fractured left forearm--

MEDIC #1
He's stable, get moving--

The rear doors to the ambulance open. The Sheriff steps in, looking to Arkin with a different expression.

Arkin's eyes rise, meeting the Sheriff's.

SHERIFF
What happened inside that house?

268 INT. AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER 268

The Sheriff leans in close to Arkin, able to hear his voice through his garbled speech.

ARKIN
I tried to save them, I really did...

SHERIFF
This guy, the exterminator, he was the same guy working earlier in the day, right?

Arkin nods.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
And you saw his face?

ARKIN
Yeah, I saw him.

YOUNG DEPUTY (O.S.)
Sir, the company's called Master Trap Extermination.

The Sheriff shifts his eyes to the Young Deputy standing at the rear doors and holding a walk-talkie.

YOUNG DEPUTY (CONT'D)
The office is located at 1024 Highway 1 out past the junction.

The Sheriff nods, turning back to Arkin.

SHERIFF
(re: Arkin)
Hold him tight, and get him to the hospital.

The Sheriff steps from the ambulance, closing the rear doors behind him. Medic #1 leans secures Arkin's gurney to the floor, leaning into him.

MEDIC #1
I guess you're some kind of a hero, huh?

Arkin doesn't know how to respond.

269 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER 269

The Sheriff hurriedly moves towards his squad car. He barks orders to the Young Sheriff.

SHERIFF
Inform Highway Patrol of the office location. We're rolling.

The Sheriff jumps into his car and fires up the engine.

In the distance, the ambulance takes off down the country road.

The Sheriff and about three other police cars take off in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

270 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER 270

The ambulance cuts through the dark landscape, lighting up the two-lane country road with its spinning red lights.

271 INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS 271

Arkin has his head back. He stares at the ceiling as his hand, still handcuffed to the gurney, drifts along his pants leg.

It comes to a LUMP, and Arkin's head turns, looking to his pant leg.

Arkin's hand slips into his pant pocket, pulling out the RUBY. It's still there. The lump of red gold is still there.

ARKIN
What time is it?

Arkin looks to Medic #1 who's on the radio in the front passenger seat.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Hey! What time is it?!

Medic #1 looks back, his eyes then shifting to the front dashboard.

ON CLOCK: It's 11:53 PM.

MEDIC #1
Just before midnight.

ARKIN
I would've made it. I would've fucking made it.

MEDIC #1
What?

ARKIN
You have to call my wife!

MEDIC #1
They'll take care of that at the hospital--

ARKIN
No, she has to meet me! Please, you have to call her!

Medic #1 nods, pulling out his cell phone.

MEDIC #1
Alright, alright. What's the number--

WHAM! Something SMASHES into the side of the ambulance sending it flying--

272 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS 272

The ambulance flips onto its side and slides across the road, tumbling into a ditch and coming to a stop.

Smoke rises from the ambulance, the wheels still spinning.

Back on the road, the large EXTERMINATOR TRUCK idles. It's reinforced front end wears paint from the ambulance.

CLOSE ON: The driver's side door opens and the BLACK BOOT steps out, heading towards the wreck.

273 INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS **273**

Blood drips up Arkin's head, his body upside down and strapped to the floor mounted gurney. Arkin's eyes flutter open.

The horn BLOWS. The radio SQUAWKS. Medic #1 and Medic #2 are smashed against the dashboard, their bodies bloody and mangled.

ARKIN
Hello? Hello?

No movement. Arkin strains, and his good arm slides free from the handcuff. He instantly tries to free his other hand.

274 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS **274**

The Black Boots step on the smashed plastic and glass scattered on the road.

275 INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS **275**

Arkin tries to pull out his other handcuffed hand, but it's not budging.

ARKIN
Come on!

A sound takes Arkin's eyes to partially opened rear doors. A SILHOUETTE OF THE MAN is seen, coming his way. Arkin strains to free himself.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Goddamn it!

The rear doors are YANKED OPEN. The Man pushes through the twisted metal and hoists a pair of BOLT CUTTERS, cutting Arkin free.

Arkin drops down out of the gurney, landing with a THUD.

The Man grabs Arkin by the shirt collar, yanking him from the ambulance.

276 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS **276**

Arkin's world spins as he's dragged across the pavement to the exterminator truck.

ARKIN
No...no...no...

The Man opens the rear doors to his truck. Arkin tries to fight, but The Man brings down two heavy fists, BREAKING ARKIN'S NOSE and causing him to gasp for air.

277 INT. EXTERMINATOR TRUCK - REAR - CONTINUOUS **277**

Arkin is pulled into the truck. It's filled with tools, rigged planks, contraptions, and weapons galore. This is The Man's MOBILE WORKSHOP OF HORRORS.

On the walls, there's a BLUEPRINT of the Chases's home. But it doesn't only show the outlay of the home, it also shows the PLANS FOR THE MANY TRAPS. All intricately drawn.

A LARGE RED TRUNK, exactly like Mr. Wharton's trunk, awaits Arkin. The Man shoves Arkin into the trunk.

ARKIN
Don't do this, I have a family--

SNAP! The rat trap-like device in the trunk springs, the metal latch hitting Arkin's throat.

Arkin gags. He sees the inside of the truck. The blueprints. The weapons. The traps. The trunk. And then he remembers Mr. Wharton's warning...

ARKIN (CONT'D)
(a whisper)
...*he always takes one...*

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: The Man slams down the lid, sealing the screaming Arkin in DARKNESS.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

THE END

ALTERNATE SCENE #1

278 INT. BAR - NIGHT **278**

It's a dive bar off the highway. Arkin sits opposite an older, rough-looking man named **ROY** (50s). Two cups of coffee sit before them. Cigarettes.

Roy picks out peanuts from their shells.

A bear of a man sits in the booth behind Arkin, keeping an eye on him. His heavy arm is perched behind Arkin's neck. This is **JESSUP** (30s).

ROY
Clouds are rollin' in. Gonna get pretty wet out there.

ARKIN
I'm not planning on being outside too long. They serve food here?

ROY
You'd be better off eatin' a plate.

Roy's gaze shifts to Jessup for a quick second.

ROY (CONT'D)
You ready? He's moving that rock soon.

ARKIN
I know the place inside and out.

ROY
Found the safe?

ARKIN
Yup, master bedroom closet floor.

ROY
(with a chuckle)
Damn jewel brokers are all the same; rather keep their goods close by than in any bank vault.

ARKIN
You sure the stone's in there?

ROY
My sources ain't been wrong yet.

ARKIN
A buyer's lined up, right?

ROY
Of course.

ARKIN
How much?

Roy's eyes narrow, taking a long look at Arkin.

ROY
What's with all the questions?

ARKIN
I need to settle with you tonight.

Roy's eyes connect with Jessup's.

ROY
Hey, we got a routine here.
(beat)
You can't just change a routine.

ARKIN
Tonight. Midnight.

ROY
No can do.

ARKIN
Then I'll take it to someone who will.

Arkin's sharp tone takes Roy aback. There's a beat as the two men stare, neither lowering their gaze. Jessup's waiting for a nod to strike. But Roy eases into a smile.

ROY
You've grown into your skin, kiddo. If you had half of this moxie when you were doing your stretch I wouldn't have had to peel that Mississippi-faggot off your back.
(beat, chuckles)
Fucker didn't even poke a pillow after that intervention, eh?
(beat)
Now look where we are. I run a smooth machine. All my worker bees are in the black. But they understand that I find the jobs, and they work them.
(beat, inches forward)
That's how this deal operates. But you wanna try and fuck with me your very first job on the outside--

ARKIN
You helped me in there, but I never agreed to your terms--

WHAM! Roy SLAPS the table.

ROY
Taking my help means you did!

Arkin flinches, staring into Roy's burning eyes.

ROY (CONT'D)
You're a free man now and you come in here all hopped up on macho bullshit, yet your request, and it is a *request*, requires my sympathy. You need me to think about that woman of yours. You need me to think about that pretty little girl of yours.
(beat)
You're just full of so much bull-piss *need*.

ARKIN
Roy, this is my one and only time with you so I can get straight--

ROY
Shhhhhhhh...
(beat)
This is the part where you listen, son. Don't fuck that up.

Arkin swallows.

ROY (CONT'D)
You and I are born of bad stock. We don't get breaks. The system ain't set up for us. We're roaches. And no straight thinker ever felt pity for no roach. Smear 'em. Stomp 'em. Gas 'em. But never pity.
(beat)
That's the way it is.

There's a beat as Roy leans back and pops a few peanuts into his mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)
Ampulex Compressa. You know what that is?

ARKIN
No.

ROY
A wasp. But not like any other wasp, mind you. This wasp has a particular way of birthing its young. You see, it pounces on a cockroach and drives its stinger into the roach's brain until the roach is paralyzed.

Arkin's eyes shoot to his peripheral, Jessup's gaze burning into him.

ROY (CONT'D)
Then, and this is where it gets nasty, the wasp guides the still living roach like a little doggie back to the wasp's nest. The wasp then lays its egg under the soft belly of the roach. And for the next eight days...*eight days*...the youngling burrows in and eats the insides of the cockroach, eventually birthing by punching its way out of the bastard's head and putting the roach down for good.

Roy laughs a snort.

ROY (CONT'D)
It took that kind of morbid shit to get me to find the slightest bit of *pity* for a cockroach.

Roy takes a beat.

ROY (CONT'D)
Now what was that request of yours?

ARKIN
We settle tonight. Fifty percent take.

Roy sighs a bit. Arkin doesn't budge. He means business. Roy hardens again, leaning forward.

ROY
You're talking like a man who doesn't want his fingers.

ARKIN
I'm the only one you know that can get into that safe, so if you got a better option than me, roll it out.

Roy looks to Jessup. Jessup leans toward Arkin. But--

ARKIN (CONT'D)
(to Jessup)
You fuckin' breathe on me, I'm taking your eyeballs home in my pocket.

Jessup looks back to Roy. Roy nods a bit. Jessup eases back. Roy's eyes glisten. Threatening. But Arkin doesn't sway. His face is granite.

Then, Roy smirks, letting out a sigh.

ROY
Thirty percent.

ARKIN
Fifty.

ROY
Thirty-five.

ARKIN
Fifty.

ROY
Forty, take it or leave it.

Arkin holds a second and then nods. He stands to leave.

Arkin turns to Roy, Roy's eyes burning into him.

ARKIN
I'll see you later tonight, Roy.

ROY
Beware the wasps...

Arkin moves towards the exit as Roy's eyes drift over to Jessup. They glare a moment.

ROY (CONT'D)
Stay close to his woman.

Roy pops a peanut into his mouth as Jessup gets up and moves to the door.

ALTERNATE SCENE #2

279 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT **279**

Arkin slides into his cab, firing up the engine. His eyes drift out the front windshield to the diner.

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: Cindy sits in the booth holding her new bear.

Arkin's eyes strain as--

CUT TO:

280 EXT. STREET - NIGHT **280**

Arkin on a pay phone, already talking.

ARKIN
(into phone)
We need to meet up.

CUT BACK TO†

281 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT **281**

Cindy staring back at Arkin. She smiles, holding up her bear. She loves it.

CUT TO:

282 INT. STREET - NIGHT **282**

Arkin nervously turns, making sure no one is listening.

ARKIN
(into phone)
Now. I gotta meet now.

CUT BACK TO†

283 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT **283**

Arkin's view of Cindy is interrupted when Lisa slides into the booth, gaining Cindy's attention.

Lisa's eyes shoot to Arkin. He drops his head, slamming the truck into reverse.

284 EXT. SCARY PLACE #1 - NIGHT **284**

Neon lights advertise the cheap drinks and lap dance specials. LONELY MEN filter past the HULK OF A MAN working the doors.

A MALE VOICE creeps in. This is **ROY** (50s). Even without seeing him, his gruff, laid back voice is one that instantly commands attention and respect.

ROY (V.O.)
Clouds are rollin' in. Gonna get pretty wet out there.

Arkin is waved through the doorway with a nod of the head.

285 INT. SCARY PLACE #1 - MOMENT LATER 285

A layer of smoke hovers just below the ceiling in the nearly pitch dark titty bar. A STRIPPER gyrates on the stage, taking the eyes of the horny, desperate men.

ARKIN (V.O.)
I'm not planning on being outside long.

286 INT. SCARY PLACE #1 - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 286

Arkin passes SEVERAL LARGE MEN, moving into a back hallway. STRIPPERS mill about, leading their men for four minutes of paid paradise.

ROY (V.O.)
Feet still gonna tough the ground. That is 'less you can fly?

Arkin moves to the back door. One of the large men pushes open the back door, motioning to a waiting Lincoln Town Car with black paint job and blacked out windows.

ROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Can you fly, Arkin?

287 INT. SCARY PLACE #2 - MOMENTS LATER 287

Arkin sits in the back of the moving car. A SKINNY MAN drives. A bear of a man sits sideways in the passenger seat, able to strike out at Arkin at any moment. This is **JESSUP** (30s).

An armrest separates Arkin from Roy. The older, rough-looking man dips his hand into a tray of peanuts. He discards of the shells out the slightly rolled down window.

ARKIN
No, I can't fly.

Roy snickers, popping a peanut into his mouth.

ROY
He's moving that rock soon, you know.

ARKIN
Yeah, I got the place inside and out.

ROY
Found the safe?

ARKIN
Master bedroom, floor of the closet.

ROY
(with a chuckle)
Jewel brokers are all the same; rather keep their goods close by than in any bank vault.

ARKIN
You sure the stone's in there?

ROY
My sources ain't been wrong yet.

ARKIN
A buyer's lined up, right?

ROY
'Course.

ARKIN
How much?

Roy's eyes narrow, taking a long look at Arkin.

ROY
What's with all the questions, son?

ARKIN
I need to settle with you tonight.

Roy's eyes connect with Jessup's.

ROY
We got a routine here.
(beat)
You can't just change a routine.

ARKIN
Tonight. Midnight.

ROY
No can do.

ARKIN
Then I'll take it to someone who will.

Arkin's sharp tone takes Roy aback. There's a beat as the two men stare, neither lowering their gaze. Jessup's waiting for a nod to strike. But Roy eases into a smile.

ROY
You've grown into your skin, kiddo. If you had half of this moxie when you were doing your stretch I wouldn't have had to peel that Mississippi-faggot off your back in the yard.
(beat, chuckles)
Fucker didn't even poke a pillow after that intervention, eh?
(beat)
I run a smooth machine out here. All my worker bees are in the black. They understand that I find the jobs, and they work them.
(beat, inches forward)
That's how this deal works. But you wanna try and fuck with me your very first job on the outside--

ARKIN
You helped me in there, but I never agreed to your terms--

WHAM! Roy SLAPS the armrest, knocking the peanuts everywhere.

ROY
Taking my help means you did!

Arkin flinches, staring into Roy's burning eyes.

ROY (CONT'D)
You're a free man now and you come in here all hopped up on macho bullshit, yet your request, and it is a *request*, requires my sympathy. You need me to think about that woman of yours. You need me to think about that pretty little girl of yours.
(beat)
You're just full of so much bull-piss *need*.

ARKIN
Roy, this is my one and only time with you so I can get straight--

ROY
Shhhhhhhh...
(beat)
This is the part where you listen, son. Don't fuck that up.

Arkin swallows.

ROY (CONT'D)
You and I are born of bad stock. We don't get breaks. The system ain't set up for us. We're roaches. And no straight thinker ever felt pity for no roach. Smear 'em. Stomp 'em. Gas 'em. But never pity.
(beat)
That's the way it is.

There's a beat as Roy leans back and pops a few random peanuts into his mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)
Ampulex Compressa. You know what that is?

ARKIN
No.

ROY
A wasp. But not like any other wasp, mind you. This wasp has a particular way of birthing its young. You see, it pounces on a cockroach and drives its stinger into the roach's brain until the roach is paralyzed.

Arkin's eyes shoot to his peripheral, Jessup's gaze burning into him.

ROY (CONT'D)
Then, and this is where it gets nasty, the wasp guides the still living roach like a little doggie back to the wasp's nest. The wasp then lays its egg under the soft belly of the roach. And for the next eight days...*eight days*...the youngling burrows in and eats the insides of the cockroach, eventually birthing by punching its way out of the bastard's head and putting the roach down for good.

Roy laughs a snort.

ROY (CONT'D)
It took that kind of morbid shit to get me to find the slightest bit of *pity* for a cockroach.

Roy takes a beat.

ROY (CONT'D)
Now, what was that request of yours?

ARKIN
We settle tonight. Fifty percent take.

Roy sighs a bit. Arkin doesn't budge. He means business. Roy hardens again, leaning forward.

ROY
You're talking like a man who doesn't want his fingers.

ARKIN
I'm the only one you know who can get into that safe, so if you got a better option than me, roll it out.

Roy looks to Jessup. Jessup leans toward Arkin. But--

ARKIN (CONT'D)
(to Jessup)
You fuckin' breathe on me, I'm taking your eyeballs home in my pocket.

Jessup looks back to Roy. Roy nods a bit. Jessup eases back. Roy's eyes glisten. Threatening. But Arkin doesn't sway. His face is granite.

Then, Roy smirks, letting out a sigh.

ROY
Thirty percent.

ARKIN
Fifty.

ROY
Thirty-five.

ARKIN
Fifty.

ROY
Forty, take it or leave it.

Arkin holds a second and then nods. The car eases to a stop. Outside, the lights of the strip club pulsate.

Arkin opens the door to get out.

ARKIN
I'll see you later tonight.

ROY
Beware the wasps, Arkin.

Roy's eyes burn into Arkin as the young men steps out of the car, moving to his truck. Roy's eyes drift over to Jessup.

ROY (CONT'D)
Stay close to his woman.

Roy pops a peanut into his mouth.